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Anecdotes of Zach Chandler

Incidents of His Campaign in the Old Garfield District.

BY HAL P. DENTON.

Senator "Zach" Chandler, of Michigan, was found dead in bed in his room at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago on Nov. 1, 1879. It was in that year that Charles Foster, afterward of the treasury, ran for governor of Ohio the first time, and Chandler made a series of speeches throughout the state during the campaign.

Just a month prior to the day he died he spoke at Chardon, a rural county seat in the northeastern part of the state with Gen. John Beatty, of Columbus, and Gen. Garfield. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, had been announced to speak with Chandler and Beatty, but he did not put in an appearance, and Garfield—it was in Garfield's district—took his place on the program.

The meeting was big and enthusiastic. There was no building in the village to hold the crowd that gathered, so a rough platform was erected on the east side of the court house in the public square. In the course of his speaking Chandler brought forth from his trousers' pocket a jack-knife, opened it and placed it across his notes on the table to prevent a brisk October wind from blowing them away.

At the close of the speaking a crowd of the country folk called at the hotel to meet the distinguished guests. Garfield knew them all by name and he introduced them one by one to Chandler and Beatty. The bluff Michigan senator asked numerous questions about the farmers, their social conditions, etc. He learned among other things that the people of Geauga county prided themselves on their unrelenting antipathy to intemperance. One man regretted that Chandler could not be present some time at one of their Sunday evening temperance meetings. After the crowd had disappeared Chandler turned to Garfield and said:

"Why in the devil didn't you tell me something about your constituents?"

"Didn't I tell you they were the best people you would find in the country?" Garfield retorted.

"Yes; but you didn't say anything about their being such fierce temperance folk."

"Well, I must have forgotten that, but you have found it out for yourself, haven't you?"

"Yes; and your forgetfulness has ruined my reputation."

"And how so?"

"Why, durig all the time I was speaking my jack-knife, with the corkscrew opened, was in full sight of the audience. And to think of it, you never said a word. It's too late now. I shall never dare look your constituents in their face again."

Garfield laughed heartily, as did the little coterie of local politicians who listened to the dialogue. A few days after the October election Chandler wrote to Garfield from Detroit saying that he would forgive him, but it was asking too much to forget. Garfield showed the letter to some of his friends and the story, which caused much merriment, got out in that way.

Some time ago the writer was talking with Gen. Beatty and he related some incidents of his campaigning trip with Chandler.

"Throughout the trip," said the general, "Chandler was in excellent spirits; he appeared to be in good health, and at no time complained of overwork. While sitting in front of the hotel in Chardon waiting for dinner he told amusing anecdotes of his old friend Ben Wade and other distinguished men with whom he had served in the senate. The story which seemed to interest and delight most the old neighbors and companions of Wade had reference to a difficulty between Wade and "Bob" Toombs, of Georgia, which grew out of Preston Brooks' brutal assault upon Charles Sumner.

"Everybody in the senate and house thought it would terminate in a duel. Toombs had attempted to defend and justify the conduct of Brooks. Wade became angry, indeed savage, and retorted in a manner neither complimentary to the south in general nor to Toombs in particular. In fact he insulted the ferocious Georgian and did it with tremendous emphasis.

"When Wade was approached on the subject with a view to ascertain whether he recognized the code duello, it was discovered that he would fight, and that his choice would be rifles; and more, that with this weapon he was a dead shot. This information, borne to the ears of Toombs, prevented the latter's sending of a hostile message. For a few days thereafter the two senators exchanged no word or look of recognition, and Toombs seemed sullen and uneasy; but, finally, leaning towards Wade, whose seat was near, he said:

"'I don't know that there is any use for us to make d—d fools of ourselves any longer.'

"'Nor I,' Wade replied, looking him squarely in the eye, 'but some persons can't help it.'

"This story pleased the Chardon people very much. It was suggested to Chandler that, after speaking so long and getting so thoroughly warmed up, it was rather imprudent for him to sit on the platform in the open air while the other speeches were being made.

"'No,' said he, 'it is always unsafe to change suddenly from wet to dry clothing. I put on a heavy overcoat, keep warm, and so keep up the perspiration.'

"This, in some way, suggested an early venture which illustarted fully the veteran senator's pluck and tenacity of purpose. The details of it are not at hand, but the substance I remember. He and another man were on the lake in an open boat which either sprang a leak or was capsized. Senator Chandler's companion was so paralyzed with fear that he could not help himself—in short, he was powerless, and whenever left alone for a moment his grasp on the boat would loosen and he would go down. It was necessary not only to keep the man's head above water, but also to work the boat toward shore.

"'Upon reaching land,' said Chandler, 'I did not remove my clothing at once, but wrapped myself, wet as I was, in warm blankets, took a big swig of brandy, and so kept in sort of a stew. Next morning I was as well as ever.'

"Senator Chandler was, I think, underestimated; that is to say, he was a much better man than people generally gave him credit to be," Gen. Beatty continued. "He was thoroughly honest and as brave as Julius Caesar. The people of Michigan trusted him simply because they couldn't help it. He was rough and awkward, sometimes uncouth, in manner, yet as gentle and kind-hearted as a woman. One day while we were campaigning together I said to him:

"'Senator, I would like to see you President. You are the sort of man we need just now.'

"'No, no,' he replied. 'I'll never get the presidential fever. It's sure death. Men recover from the smallpox, cholera and yellow fever; but they never get over the presidential fever.'

"The corkscrew incident at Chardon pleased Senator Chandler hugely, and he often referred to it during the following week. At Akron the senator lost his hat in the hotel. In the evening, while returning to Warren, he lost his gold-headed cane. The next day, in a jocular way, he began, in the presence of Garfield and others, to count up his losses since he entered upon the campaign. Said he:

"'I lost my hat at Akron, my character at Chardon, my cane at Warren, and I am afraid if I don't get out of Ohio pretty soon I won't have anything left.'"

DELUSIVE EYESIGHT.

There is a good old lady residing not far from Albany, says the Boston Record, who cannot resist speaking well of all her acquaintances.

On Thanksgiving day she told the colored man who did chores about the place that he might go into the barnyard and help himself to a chicken. The man obeyed with alacrity and was most profuse in his thanks.

In the course of a few days the lady's husband informed her that on Thanksgiving day neighbors had seen Mr. Johnson seize two choice hens from the coop.

"I did tell him to take one," confessed the old lady regretfully, "but, you know, dear, how intensely Mr. Johnson celebrates the holidays. Why, he simply cannot help seeing things double."

ACCOUNT FOR BRYAN.

Little Helen had been having some simple "star lessons" at school, and one night begged her father to come outdoors with her and see how many constellations she could name.

"There, papa," she cried, "are the Great Bear and the Little Bear, and there, winding in and out between them, is the Dragon which guarded the golden apples. That group that looks like a broken-backed chair is Cassiopeia. She was so pretty that the seanymphs were all jealous of her and Jupiter put her up in the skies." She paused suddenly and turned to the southeast, where Orion blazed in glory. "And that, papa," she continued with some hesitation, "is Bryane—and how did he get there?"—Harper's Weekly.

BLOATED AGRICULTURIST.

At 9 o'clock he rises from a bed of downy ease
And eats a breakfast that would tempt a king.
His clothes are cool and stylish—oh, he's very hard to please—
And on his hand you'll note a diamond ring.
His managers, a score or more, report the progress made,
The harvest that his crops are bound to yield,
For each of them is expert in his work and highly paid
To get the best results in every field.

This conference concluded, then the farmer's auto car,
The chauffeur of it brought from sunny France,
Must bear him up and down the roads where all his acres are,
That he may see his profits in advance.
Then home again, a mansion grand, where lunch is served in style
And flunkeys court the master for a look,
Where luxury's the kevnote of existence all the while
And poverty's a thing he cannot brook.

You'd like to be a farmer now, of course you would, and say,
He has all other men put down and out
For opulence and power and a good time on the way
That leads to apoplexy and the gout.
It used to be a fad to think the agriculturist
Had little but hard luck, if he survived,
But that was in the early days that brought the pessimist,
Before the gilded farmer had arrived.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

NEEDED A SMOKE BADLY

Once upon a time, during a strenuous railroad building battle in the Rocky mountains, Mr. Francis Lynde, writer of "Empire Builders," was field officer in charge of men-moving. Finding himself at the track layers' camp one bitter night, fifteen miles above his base of transportation supplies, he borrowed a construction engine, and with the Irish camp watchmen for a helper, started down canyon after a string of empties.

The night was black dark; the unsurfaced track was as rough as a corduroy road; and the grades and curves were heart-breaking. Very early in the game the substitute fireman lost his nerve. Staggering across the cab, he shouted huskily into the ear of the pro tempore engineer:

"Arrah! Mister Lynde, 'tis a foine runner ye are entoirely, and I'm sorry to be throublin' ye to stop her."

"What's the matter, Mike? Are you scared?"

"Divvle a wan bit am I scared, but I think I'll have to be walkin' back along. I did be l'avin' me pipe up yonder at th' camp, and I'm that near dead for a shmoke!"

A POOR OUTLOOK.

He was a new deputy sheriff and had been out on his first trip through one of the most unproductive sections of Warren county, Kentucky. Among other papers given him was an execution against a man who lived on about the thinnest tract of land with most dilapidated outbuildings to be found even in this almost barren section of country.

When the new deputy came in from his trip he asked one of the experienced men in the office how to make his returns on the various papers. He was told to write briefly the facts, as he found and understood them, on the back of each one.

On the execution referred to above he wrote as follows:

"No property found to satisfy within execution, and none will be found so long as he stays where he now lives."—Harper's Weekly.

A RECIPE FOR SADNESS.

A married man sat in a roof garden, looking up at the starry sky dreamily.

"Why are you so sad?"

"I'll tell you," he replied. "This morning I went into my wife's room in her absence, and on a desk lay a packet of my love letters—old letters that I had written to her before we were married—seven years ago."

He smiled, sighed, shook his head.

"Foolishly," he said, "I read those letters. I read all of them. Every word, every word."

He gazed at the stars that glittered above him and at the lights of the city glittering below.

"Oh, you married men," he muttered, "if you would be made wise and miserable, if you would have brought home to you the rottenness of yourself and of life, if you would have a sudden clear, hideous view of your position, of what you expected from life and what you have got—look up and read a packet of your old love letters. It is the best recipe for a sad day that I know."

SEE BEYOND THE GRAVE

Dying People Catch Glimpses of the Supernatural.

That many persons, who, when they are actually on the brink of that deep gulf which separates life from the vast region beyond this terrestrial sphere, frequently give utterances that surprise the friends about them is something that never occasions any great surprise. There are numbers of people, including some great physicians and well-known ministers of the churches, who feel that they have reason to believe that in hundreds of cases when persons, who have long been ill are just about expiring, they catch a glimpse into the unknown country and indicate it by some sign or word.

"Another thing," as a physician of this town said when talking about the matter of thoughts and acts of the dying, "is a sudden restoration of mental and physical strength to those who are hopelessly ill as they are nearing the end, which though in almost every case cheers the friends and relatives of the sick person, has never deceived the experienced doctor, who sees in the sudden display of reanimation only the strong flickering of rewick of the candle which lights up the darkness as the flame is about to vanish forever."

A Washington woman who had recently witnessed, in the case of a child (her little niece), a circumstance such as the doctor had spoken of, said: "I had been for quite a long time aiding my sister in attending to two of her children, both of whom were quite ill. The younger of the two," she remarked, "was a little girl only 20 months of age. One morning, soon after I had arisen and was dressing the little boy, I was greatly surprised to hear the little sick girl call me. She had never before spoken a word beyond saying 'Mamma,' and had never uttered a connected sentence.

"When I recovered from my surprise I said, 'What is it, dear?' and the child said plainly: 'Auntie, take me downstairs,' and when I said I would do so in a moment she repeated the words: 'Auntie, take me downstairs.' Of course, I did so and her mother was as much astonished as I was, and thought she was looking much better that morning than she had been, and naturally was more hopeful of her recovery than she had been for several days.

"Along about 10 o'clock our family physician came and my sister was holding the baby in her arms. Its eyes were very bright, but it was free from pain and did not seem to have any fever. She told the doctor of the child's sudden talking in the morning and he remarked that he did not consider it a good sign, adding at the same time that he regretted to say that he could not hold out to her the slightest hope.

"She child died before the hour of noon arrived," said this lady, "and I can offer this sad incident in part verification of what we have just been told that a seeming reanimation or unusual occurrence in a person who is or has been on the brink of thorough collapse can only mean the almost immediate approach of death."

CURIOUS WILLS.

When a woman makes a will she often shows a curious turn of mind, as, for instances an English woman named Margaret Thompson, who was a noted snuff taker. She left a will that reeked of the fragrant tobacco dust from begining to end. She gave implicit instructions that her body should be completely covered with the best Scotch snuff, "in which," so ran her words, "I always had the greatest delight," and her coffin carried by six men who were known to be the greatest snuff takers in her parish and who were to wear snuff-colored beaver hats.

Her will was to be borne by six maidens, "each to wear a proper hood and to carry a box filled with the best Scotch snuff to take for their refreshment as they go along." The minister was to walk before the procession and carry a pound of snuff, for which he was to receive 5 guineas. Her old servant was "to walk before the corpse and to distribute every twenty yards a large handful of Scotch snuff to the ground and upon the crowd who may possibly follow me to my burial place." And as this were not enough of the "precious powder" to dispose of, she ordered that "at least two bushels of the said stuff may be distributed at the door of my house."

Another and more human kind of a singular will was that of a Mrs. Balls, who had two pet animals she was extremely fond of—her late husband's cob mare and a greyhound. In her will she set apart the sum of $325 a year for the support of the mare and $25 a year for the keep of the dog. She also stipulated that the mare "be kept in a comfortable, warm, loose box and not put to work either in or out of harness." It was to be "ridden by a person of light weight not over four days a week and for not more than one hour each day at a walking pace."

THE MYSTERY

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE *and* SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

XII.

"Old Scrubs" Comes Ashore.

The inevitable happened. One noon Pulz looked from his labor of pulling the whiskers from the evil-smelling masks.

"How many of these damn things we got?" he inquired.

"About three hunder' and fifty," Thrackles replied.

"Well, we've got enough for me. I'm sick of this job. It stinks."

They looked at each other. I could see the disgust rising in their eyes, the reek of rotten blubber expanding their nostrils. With one accord they cast aside the masks.

"It ain't such a hell of a fortune," growled Pulz, his evil little face thrust forward. "There's other things worth all the seal trimmin's of the islands."

"Diamon's," gloomed the Nigger.

"You've hit it, Doctor," cut in Solomon.

There we were again, back to the old difficulty, only worse. Idleness descended on us again. We grew touchy on little things, as a misplaced plate, a shortage of firewood, too deep a draught at the nearly empty bucket. The noise of bickering became as constant as the noise of the surf. It we valued peace we kept our mouths shut. The way a man spat, or ate, or slept, or even breathed became a cause of irritation to every other member of the company. We stood the outrage as long as we could; then we objected in a wild and ridiculous explosion which communicated its heat to the object of our wrath. Then there was a fight. It needed only liquor to complete the deplorable state of affairs.

Gradually the smaller things came to worry us more and more. A certain harmless singer of the cricket, or, perhaps, of the tree-toad variety used to chirp his innocent note a short distance from our cabin. For all I know he had done so from the moment of our installation, but I had never noticed him before. Now I caught myself listening for his irregular recurrence with every nerve on the quiver. If he delayed by ever so little, it was an agony; yet when he did pipe up his feeble strain struck to my heart cold and paralyzing, like a dagger. And with every advancing minute of the night I became broader awake, more tense, fairly sweating with nervousness. One night—good God, was it only last week? * * * It seems ages ago, another existence * * * a state cut off from this by the wonder of a transmigration, at least. * * * Last week!

I did not sleep at all. The moon had risen, had mounted the heavens, and now was sailing overhead. By the fretwork of its radiance through the chinks of our rude-built cabin I had marked off the hours. A thunderstorm rumbled and flashed, hull down over the horizon. It was many miles distant, and yet I do not doubt that its electrical influence had dried the moisture of our equanimity, leaving us rattling husks for the winds of destiny to play upon. Certainly I can remember no other time, in a rather wide experience, when I have felt myself more on edge, more choked with the restless, purposeless nervous energy that leaves a man's tongue parched and his eyes staring. And still that infernal cricket, or whatever it was, chirped.

I had thought myself alone in my vigil, but when finally I could stand it no longer, and kicked aside my covering with an oath of protest, I was surprised to hear it echoed from all about me.

"Damn that cricket!" I cried.

And the dead shadows stirred from the bunks, and the hollow-eyed victims of insomnia crept out to curse their tormentor. We organized an expedition to hunt him down. It was ridiculous enough, six strong men prowling for the life of one poor little insect. We did not find him, however, though we succeeded in silencing him. But no sooner were we back in our bunks than he began it again, and such was the turmoil of our nerves that day found us sitting wan about a fire, hugging our knees.

We were so genuinely emptied, not so much by the cricket as by the two years of fermentation, that not one of us stirred toward breakfast, in fact, not one of us moved from the listless attitude in which day found him, until after 9 o'clock. Then we pulled ourselves together and cooked coffee and salt horse. As a significant fact, the Nigger left the dishes unwashed, and no one cared.

Handy Solomon finally shook himself and arose.

"I'm sick of this," said he, 'I'm goin' seal-hunting."

They arose without a word. They were sick of it, too, sick to death. We were a silent, gloomy crew indeed, as we thrust the surf boat afloat, clambered in and shipped the oars. No one spoke a word; no one had a comment to make, even when we saw the rookery slide into the water while we were still fifty yards from the beach. We pulled back slowly along the coast. Beyond the rock we made out the entrance to the dry cave.

"There's seal in there," cried Handy Solomon, "lots of 'em!"

He thrust the rudder over, and we headed for the cave. No one expressed an opinion.

As it was again high tide, we rowed in to the steep shore inside the cave's mouth and beached the boat. The place was full of seals; we could hear them bellowing.

"Two of you stand here," shouted Handy Solomon, "and take them as they go out. We'll go in and scare 'em down to you."

"They'll run over us," screamed Pulz.

"No, they won't. You can dodge up the sides when they go by."

This was, indeed, well possible, so we gripped our clubs and ventured into the darkness.

We advanced four abreast, for the cave was wide enough for that. As we penetrated, the bellowing and barking became more deafening. It was impossible to see anything, although we felt an indistinguishable tumbling mass receding before our footsteps. Thrackles swore violently as he stumbled over a laggard. With uncanny abruptness the black wall of darkness in front of us was alive with fiery eyeballs. The seals had reached the end of the cave and had turned toward us. We, too, stopped, a little uncertain as to how to proceed.

The first plan had been to get behind the band and to drive it slowly toward the entrance to the cave. This was now seen to be impossible. The cavern was too narrow; its sides at this point too steep, and the animals too thickly congested. Our eyes, becoming accustomed to the twilight, now began to make out dimly the individual bodies of the seals and the general configuration of the rocks. One big boulder lay directly in our path, like an island in the shale of the cave's floor. Perdosa stepped to the top of it for a better look. The men attempted to communicate their ideas by what was to be done, but could not make themselves heard above the uproar. I could see their faces contorting with the fury of being baffled. A big bull made a dash to get by; all the herd flippered after him. If he had won past they would have followed as obstinately as sheep, and nothing could have stopped them, but the big bull went down beneath the clubs. Thrackles hit the animal two vindictive blows after it had succumbed.

This settled the revolt, and we stood as before. Pulz and Handy Solomon tried to converse by signs, but evidently failed, for their faces showed angry in the twilight. Perdosa, on his rock, rolled and lit a cigarette. Thrackles paced to and fro, and the Nigger leaned on his club, farther down the cave. They had been left at the entrance, but now, in lack of results, had joined their companions.

Now Thrackles approached and screamed himself black trying to impart some plan. He failed; but stooped and picked up a stone and threw it into the mass of seals. The others understood. A shower of stone followed. The animals milled like cattle, bellowed louder, but would not face their tormentors. Finally an old cow flopped by in a panic. I thought they would have let her go, but she died a little beyond the bull. No more followed, although the men threw stones as fast and hard as they were able. Their faces were livid with anger, like that of an evil-tempered man with an obstinate horse.

Suddenly Handy Solomon put his head down, and with a roar distinctly audible even above the din that filled the cave, charged directly into the herd. I saw the beasts cringe before him; I saw his club rising and falling indiscriminately; and then the whole back of the cave seemed to rise and come at us.

This was no chance of sport now, but a struggle for very life. We realized that once down there would be no hope, for while the seals were more anxious to escape than to fight, we knew that their jaws were powerful. There was no time to pick and choose. We hit out with all the strength and quickness we possessed. It was like a bad dream, like struggling with an elusive, hydra-headed monster, knee high, invulnerable. We hit, but without apparent effect. New heads rose, the press behind increased. We gave ground. We staggered, struggling desperately to keep our feet.

How long this lasted I cannot tell. It seemed hours. I know my arms became leaden from swinging my club; my eyes were full of sweat; my breath gasped. A sharp pain in my knee nearly doubled me to the ground, and yet I remember clamping to the thought that I must keep my feet, keep my feet at any cost. Then, all at once, I recalled the fact that I was armed. I jerked out the short-barrelled Colt's 45 and turned it loose in their faces.

Whether the flash and detonation frightened them; whether Perdosa, still clinging to his rock, managed to turn their attention by his flanking efforts, or whether, quite simply, the wall of dead finally turned them back, I do not know, but with one accord they gave over the attempt.

I looked at once for Handy Solomon, and was surprised to see him still alive, standing upright on a ledge the other side of the herd. His clothing was literally torn to shreds, and he was covered with blood. But in this plight he was not alone, for when I turned toward my companions, they, too, were tattered, torn and gory. We were a dreadful crew, standing there in the half-light, our chests heaving, our rags dripping red.

For perhaps ten seconds no one moved. Then with a yell of demoniac rage my companions clambered over the rampart of dead seals and attacked the herd.

The seals were now cowed and defenseless. It was a slaughter, and the most debauching and brutal I have ever known. I hit out with the rest when it had been a question of defense, but from this I turned aside in a sick loathing. The men seemed possessed of devils, and of their unnatural energy. Perdosa cast aside the club and took to his natural weapon, the knife. I can see him yet rolling over and over embracing a big cow, his head jammed in an ecstasy of ferocity between the animal's front flippers, his legs clasped to hold her body, only his right arm rising and falling as he plunged his knife again and again. She struggled, turning him over and under, wept great tears, and fairly whined with terror and pain. Finally she was still, and Perdosa staggered to his feet, only to stare about him drunkenly for a moment before throwing himself, with a screech, on another victim.

The Nigger alone did not jump into the turmoil. He stood just down the cave, his club ready. Occasionally a disorganized rush to escape would be made. The Nigger's lips snarled and with a truly mad enjoyment he beat the animals back.

I pressed against the wall horrified, fascinated, unable to either interfere or leave. A close, sticky smell took possession of the air. After a little a tiny stream, growing each moment, began to flow past my feet. It sought its channel daintily, as streamlets do, feeling among the stones in eddies, quiet pools, miniature falls and rapids. For the moment I did not realize what it could be. Then the light caught it down where the Nigger waited, and I saw it was red.

At first the racket of the seals was overpowering. Now, gradually, it was losing volume. I began to hear the blasphemies, ferocious cries, screams of anger hurled against the cave walls by the men. The thick, sticky smell grew stronger; the light seemed to grow dimmer, as though it could not burn in that fetid air. A seal came and looked up at me, big tears rolling from her eyes; then she flippered aimlessly away, out of her poor wits with terror. The sight finished me. I staggered down the length of the black tunnel to the boat.

After a long interval a little three months' pup waddled down to the water's edge, caught sight of me, and, with a squeal of fright, dived far. Poor little devil! I would not have hurt him for worlds. As far as I know this was the only survivor of all that herd.

The men soon appeared, one by one, tired, sleepy-eyed, glutted, walking in a cat-like trance of satiety. They were blood and tatters from head to foot, and from drying red masks peered their bloodshot eyes. Not a word said they, but tumbled into the boat, pushed off, and in a moment we were floating in the full sunshine again.

We rowed home in an abstraction. For the moment Berserker rage had burned itself out. Handy Solomon continually wetted his lips, like an animal licking its chops. Thrackles stared into space through eyes drugged with killing. No one spoke.

We landed in the cove, and were surprised to find it in shadow. The afternoon was far advanced. Over the hill we dragged ourselves and down to the spring. There the men threw themselves flat and drank, in great gulps, until they could drink no more. We built a fire, but the Nigger refused to cook.

"Someone else turn," he growled, "I cook aboard ship."

Perdosa, who had hewed the fuel, at once became angry.

"I cut heem de wood!" he said, "I do my share; eef I cut heem de wood you mus' cook heem de grub!"

But the Nigger shook his head, and Perdosa went into an ecstasy of rage. He kicked the fire to pieces; he scattered the unburned wood up and down the beach; he even threw some of it into the sea.

"Eeef you no cook heem de grub, you no hab my wood!" he shrieked, with with enough oaths to sink his soul.

Finally Pulz interfered.

"Here, you infernal foreigners," said he, "quit it! Let up, I say! We got to eat. You let that wood alone, or you'll pick it up again!"

Perdosa sprang at him with a screech. Pulz was small, but nimble, and understood rough and tumble fighting. He met Perdosa's rush with two swift blows—a short arm jab and an uppercut. Then they clinched and in a moment were rolling over and over, just beyond the wash of the surf.

The row wakened the Nigger from his sullen abstraction. He seemed to come to himself with a start; his eyes fell surprisingly on the combatants, then lit up with an unholy joy. He drew his knife and crept down on the fighters. It was too good an opportunity to pay off the Mexican.

But Thrackles interfered sharply.

"Come off!" he commanded. "None o' that!"

"Go to blazes!" growled the Nigger.

A great rage fell on them all, blind and terrible, like that leading to the slaughter of the seals. They fought indiscriminately, hitting at each other with fists and knives. It was difficult to tell who was against whom. The sound of heavy breathing, dull blows, the tear of cloth, and grunts of punishment received; the swirl of the sand, the heave of struggling bodies, all riveted my attention, so that I did not see Captain Ezra Selover until he stood almost at my elbow.

"Stop!" he shrieked in his high, falsetto voice.

And would you believe it, even through the blood haze of their combat the men heard him, and heeded. They drew reluctantly apart, got to their feet, stood looking at him through reeking brows, half submissive and half defiant. The bullheaded Thrackles even took a half step forward, but froze in his tracks when Old Scrubs looked at him.

"I hire you men to fight when I tell you to, and only then," said the captain, sternly. "What does this mean?"

He menaced them, one after another, with his eyes, and one after another they quailed. All their plottings, their threats, their dangerousness dissipated like mist before the command of this one resolute man. These pirates, who had seemed so dreadful to me, now were nothing more than cringing schoolboys before their master.

And then suddenly, to my horror, I, watching closely, saw the captain's eyes turn blank. I am sure the men must have felt the change, though certainly they were too far away to see it, for they shifted, by ever so little, from their first frozen attitude. The captain's hand sought his pocket, and they froze again, but instead of the expected revolver, he produced a half-full brandy bottle.

The change in his eyes had crept into his features. They had turned foolishly amiable, vacant, confiding.

"'llo boys," said he, appealingly, "you good fellowsh, ain't you Have a drink. 'S good stuff. Good ol' bottl'." he lurched, caught himself and advanced toward them, still with the empty smile.

They stared at him for ten seconds, quite at a loss. Then:

"By God, he's drunk!" Handy Solomon breathed, scarcely louder than a whisper.

There was no other signal given. They spring as with a single impulse. One instant I saw clear against the waning daylight the bulky, foolish-swaying form of Captain Selover; the next it had disappeared, carried down and obliterated by the rush of attacking bodies. Knives gleamed ruddy in the sunset. There was no struggle. I heard a deep groan. Then the murderers rose slowly to their feet.

XIII.

I Make My Escape.

I had plenty of time to run away. I do not know why I did not do so; but the fact stands that I remained where I was until they had finished Captain Selover. Then I took to my heels, but was soon cornered. I drew my revolver, remembered that I had emptied it in the seal cave—and had time for no more coherent mental processes. A smothering weight flung itself on me, against which I struggled as hard as I could, shrinking in anticipation from the thirsty plunge of the knives. However, though the weight increased until further struggle was impossible, I was not harmed, and in a few moments found myself, wrists and ankles tied, beside a roaring fire. While I collected myself I heard the grate of a boat being shoved off from the cove, and a few moments later made out lights aboard the Laughing Lass.

The looting party returned very shortly. Their plundering had gone only as far as liquor and arms. Thrackles let down from the cliff top a keg at the end of a line. Perdosa and the Nigger each carried an armful of the 30-40 rifles. The keg was rolled to the fire and broached.

The men got drunk, wildly drunk, but not helplessly so. A flame communicated itself to them through the liquor. The ordinary characteristics of their composition sprung into sharper relief. The Nigger became more sullen; Perdosa more snake-like; Pulz more viciously evil; Thrackles more brutal; while Handy Solomon staggering from his seat to the open keg and back again, roaring fragments of a chanty, his red headgear contrasting with his smoky black hair and his swarthy hook-nosed countenance—he needed no further touch.

Their evil passions were all awake, and the plan, so long indefinite, developed like a photographer's plate.

"That's one," said Thrackles. "One gone."

"And now the diamonds," muttered Pulz.

"There's a ship upon the windward, a wreck upon the lee,
Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e,"

roared Handy Solomon. "Dam it all, boys, it's the best night's work we ever did. The stuff's ours. Then it's me for a big stone house in Frisco O!"

"Frisco, nothing," sneered Pulz, "that's all you know. You ought to travel. Paris for me and a little gal to learn the language from."

"I get heem a fine caballo, an' fine saddle, an' fine clo's," breathed Perdosa sentimentally. "I ride, and the silver jingle, and the senorita look—"

Thrackles was for a ship and the China trade.

"What you want, Doctor?" they demanded of the silent Nigger.

But the Nigger only rolled his eyes and shook his head. By and by he arose and disappeared in the dusk and was no more seen.

"Darn fool," muttered Handy Solomon. "Well, here's to crime!"

He drank a deep cup of the raw rum, and stagered back to his seat on the sands.

"'I am not a man-o'-war, nor a privateer,' said he.
Blow high, blow low! What care we!
'But I am a jolly pirate and I'm sailing for my fee.
Down the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

he sang. "We'll land in Valparaiso and we'll go every man his way; and we'll sink the old Laughing Lass so deep the mermaids can't find her."

Thrackles piled on more wood, and the fire leaped high.

"Let's get after 'em," said he.

"Tomorrow's jes' 's good," muttered Pulz. "Les' hav' 'nother drink."

"We'll stay here 'n see if our ol' frien' Percy don' show up," said Handy Solomon. He threw back his head and roared forth a volume of sound toward the dim stars.

"Broadside to broadside the gallant ships did lay,
Blow high, blow low! What care we?
Till the jolly man-o'-war shot the pirate's mast away,
Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e."

I saw me a live coal dislodged from the fire when Thrackles had thrown on the armful of wood. An idea came to me. I hitched myself to the spark, and laid across it the rope with which my wrists were tied. This, behind my back, was easy to accomplish, and twice I burned my wrists before I succeeded.

Fortunately, I was at the edge of illumination, and behind the group. I turned over on my side so that my back was toward the fire. Then rapidly I cast loose my ankle lashings. Thus I was free, and selecting a moment when universal attention was turned toward the rum barrel, I rolled over a sand dune, got to my hands and knees, and crept away.

Through the coarse grass I crept thus, rose to my feet. In the middle distance the fire leaped red. Its glow fell intermittently on the surges rolling in. The men staggered or lay prone, either as gigantic silhouettes or as tatterdemalions painted by the light. The keg stood solid and substantial, the hub about which reeled the orgy. At the edge of the wash I could make out something prone, dim, limp, thrown constantly in new positions of weariness, as the water ebbed and flowed beneath it, now an arm thrown out, now cast back, as though Old Scrubs slept feverishly. The drunkards were getting noisy. Handy Solomon still reeled off the verses of his song. The others joined in, frightfully off the key; or punctuated the performance by wild staccato yells.

"Their coffin was their ship and their grave it was the sea.
Blow high, blow low! What care we?
And the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea.
Down on the coast of the high Barbare-e-e,"

bellowed Handy Solomon.

I turned and plunged into the cool darkness of the canon.

XIV.

An Adventure in the Night.

Ten seconds after entering the arroyo I was stumbling long in an absolute blackness. It almost seemed to me that I could reach out my hands and touch it, as one would touch a wall. Or, perhaps, not exactly that, for a wall is hard, and this darkness was soft and yielding, in the manner of enveloping hangings. Directly above me was a narrow, jagged, and irregular strip of sky, with stars. I splashed in the brook, finding its waters strangely warm, rustled through the grasses, by head back, chin out, hands extended, as one makes his way through a house at night. There were no sounds, except the tinkle of the sulphurous stream; successive bends in the canon wall had shut off even the faintest echoes of the bacchanalia on the beach.

The way seemed much longer than by daylight. Already, in my calculation, I had traversed many times the distance, when, with a jump at the heart, I made out a glow ahead and in front of it the upright logs of the stockade.

To my surprise the gate was open. I ascended the gentle slope to the valley's level—and stumbled over a man lying prostrate, shivering violently, and moaning.

I bent over to discover whom it might be. As I did so a brilliant light seemed to fill the valley, throwing an illumination on the man at my feet. I saw it was the Nigger, and perceived at the same instant that he was almost beside himself with terror. His eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, his frame contracted in a strong convulsion, and the black of his complexion had faded to a washed-out dirty gray, revolting to contemplate. He felt my touch and sprang to his feet, clutching me by the shoulder as a man clutching rescue.

"My Gawd!" he shivered. "Look! Dar it is again!"

He fell to pattering in a tongue unknown to me—charms, spells, undoubtedly, to exorcise the devils that had hold of him. I followed the direction of his gaze, and myself cried out.

The doctor's laboratory stood in plain sight between the two columns of

Money Made by Keeping Bees in City or Country

REMOVING SECTIONS

OPENING HIVE

Scientific bee-keeping is one of the pleasantest and most profitable of feminine industries. It differs from other money-making pursuits in that it can be conducted—on a "pin-money" scale, if not as the sole means of livelihood—in practically any available spot. A prosperous apiary has for some years been in operation on the roof of a skyscraper office building in the heart of New York city. Another was conducted by an ambitious college girl, on a balcony outside her chamber window, and, notwithstanding its limited proportions, supplied funds for the purchase of a number of costly textbooks, besides adding wholesome variety to the modest bill of fare. Other successful bee farms have been established in gardens, orchards, vacant lots, forests, prairies, mountain regions, in short, wherever suitable pasturage could be obtained within a radius of three or four miles, as bees are able to range freely over areas inaccessible to ordinary farm stock, and will often find an abundance of wild honey producing plants and trees in regions totally unsuited to agriculture.

Apiculture is not only profitable, but extremely fascinating to those blessed with an inherent love of outdoor life.

The cardinal requisite to success in handling bees is self control. Let every movement be quiet and deliberate. A brupt motion of any description, even a nervous jerk of the head as a bee scout comes "zooning" uncomfortably near, is apt to be misconstrued into an attack and followed by instant retaliation in the form of a sting. Of course the danger of unfriendly attentions can be minimized by the use of heavy gloves, preferably of rubber, and a "bee veil," which is simply a curtain of black net gathered about the hat crown with an elastic cord and falling to the shoulders. The gloves, however, are clumsy and inconvenient and are usually discarded as soon as a little confidence has been acquired.

Even the veil may be dispensed with on most occasions, provided care has been taken to select the gentlest breeds in stocking the apiary.

The most vicious, as well as the least profitable, from a honey producing standpoint, are the common black or brown varieties, which have been bred from the ordinary wild species of America. They are irritable, indolent and poor defenders of the hive.

Next in point of pugnacity come the Italians, the first of the foreign races introduced into the United States. They are excellent honey gatherers, but somewhat inferior in wintering qualities. The pure Italians have better dispositions than the numberless crosses with the domestic bee which have been produced in this country.

Cyprians are the best honey gatherers, but their aggressiveness makes them difficult for the novice to handle. This drawback may, however, be largely overcome by crossing the queens with drones of an exceedingly gentle race.

Next to selecting the stock itself the choice of hives is perhaps the most important. The so-called Langstroth type, whose distinctive feature is the suspended frame, is more used than any other, although the closed frame hives have numerous advocates. Many apiarists even among women, build their own equipment, but since the best and most durable hives cannot be made without special machinery, the substitution of the home made for the factory product is generally mistaken economy.

Before attempting to install the bees in the homes prepared for them, it will be a good plan for the beginner to acquire perfect control of the bellows smoker used for subduing the inmates when it is necessary to open a hive, and to practice removing and replacing supers, sections and frames until the various operations have become almost automatic. Remember that a little later, whenever a frame is lifted out, a clump of active, easily angered bees will be found clinging to it, and that to drop, fumble or severely jar the frame is liable to provoke attack. If the novice has previously familiarized herself with every necessary movement there will be less likelihood of a disastrous ending to her first attempt at actual bee handling.

One of the first problems to confront the inexperienced apiarist is the management of the stock in swarming. Instead of banging on tin pans, blowing horns and ringing bells when a swarm is discovered leaving the hive, the best course is simply to wait. After a short time the bees will probably cluster on some nearby tree, when it will be an easy matter to shake them gently into a basket and turn them out on the ground before the entrance to an empty hive which has been held in readiness for just such an emergency. If it has been placed in a cool, shady spot, the bees will nearly always take immediate possession. The parent colony should be moved some distance away, and all but one of the queen cells cut out in order to prevent the issuance of a second swarm.

When the maximum number of colonies which can conveniently be handled has been reached, and it is desirable to entirely prevent swarming, the most efficac

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steam blown straight upward through the stillness of the evening. It seemed bursting with light. Every little crack leaked it in generous streams, while the main illumination appeared fairly to bulge the walls outward. This was, in itself, nothing extraordinary, and indicated only the activity of those within, but while I looked an irregular patch of incandescence suddenly spashed the cliff opposite. For a single instant the very substance of the rock glowed white hot; then from the spot a shower of spiteful flakes shot as from a pyrotechnic, and the light was blotted out as suddenly as it came. At the same moment it appeared at another point, exhibited the same phenomena, died, flashed out at still a third place, and so was repeated here and there with bewildering rapidity until the walls of the valley crackled and spat sparks. Abruptly the darkness fell. As abruptly it was broken again by a similar exhibition; only this time the fire was blue. Blue was followed by purple, purple by red. Then ensued the briefest possible pause, in which a figure moved across the bars of light escaping through the chinks of the laboratory, and then the whole valley blazed with patches of varicolored fire. It was not a reflection: It was actual physical conflagration of the solid rock, in irregular areas. Some of the fire shapes were most fantastic. And with the unexpectedness of a bursting shell the surface of the ground before our feet crackled into a ghastly blue flame.

The Nigger uttered a cry in his throat and disappeared. I felt a sharp breath on my neck, an ejaculation of surprise at my very ear. It was startling enough to scare the soul out of a man, but I held fast and was just about to step forward, when my collar was twisted tight from behind. I raised both hands, felt steel, and knew that I was in the grasp of Handy Solomon's claw.

The sailor had me fowl. I did my best to twist around, unbutton the collar, but in vain. I felt my wind leaving me, the ghastly blue light was shot with red. Distinctly I heard the man's sharp intaken breath as some new phenomenon met his eye, and his great oath as he swore.

"By the mother of God!" he cried. "it's the devil."

Then I was jerked off my feet, and the next I knew I was lying on my back, very wet, on the beach; the day was breaking, and the men, quite sober, were talking vehemently.

It was impossible to make out what they said, but as Handy Solomon and the Nigger were the center of discussion, I could not imagine the subject. I felt very stiff and sore and hazy in my mind. My neck was lame from the dragging and my tongue dry from the choking. For some time I lay in a half-torpor watching the lilac of dawn change to the rose of sunrise, utterly indifferent to everything. They had thrown me down across the first rise of the little sand dunes back of the tide sands, and from it I could at once look out over the sea full of the restless shadows of dawn, and the land narrowing to the mouth of the arroyo. I remember wondering whether Captain Selover were up yet. Then with a sharp stab at the heart I remembered.

The thought was like a dash of cold water in clearing my faculties. I raised my head. Seaward a white gull had caught the first rays of the sun beyond the cliffs. Landward—I saw with a choke in my throat—a figure emerging from the arroyo.

At the sight I made a desperate attempt to move, but with the effort discovered that I was again bound. My stirring thus called Pulz's attention. Before I could look away he had followed the direction of my gaze. The discussion instantly ceased. They waited in grim silence.

I did not know what to do. Percy Darrow, carrying some sort of large book, was walking rapidly toward us. Perdosa had disappeared. Thrackles after an instant came and sat beside me and clapped his big hand over my mouth. It was horrible.

When within a hundred paces or so, I could see that Darrow labored under some great excitement. His usual indifferent saunter had, as I have indicated, given way to a firm and decided step; his ironical eye glistened; his sallow cheek glowed.

"Poys," he shouted cheerfully. "The time's up. We've succeeded. We'll sail just as soon as the Lord'll let us get ready. Rustle the stuff aboard. The doctor'll be down in a short time, and we ought to be loaded by night."

Handy Solomon and Pulz laid hand on two of the rifles near by and began surreptitiously to fill their magazines. The Nigger shook his knife free of the scabbard and sat with it in his left hand, concealed by his body. I could feel Thrackles' muscles stiffen. Another fifty paces and it would be no longer necessary to stop my mouth.

The thought made me desperate. I had failed as a leader of these men, and I had been forced to stand by at debauching, cruel and murderous affairs, but now it is over I thank Heaven the reproach cannot be made against me that at any time I counted the consequences to myself. Thrackles' hand lay heavy across my mouth. I bit to the bone, and as he involuntarily snatched it away, I rolled over toward the sea.

Thus for an instant I had my mouth free.

"Run! Run!" I shouted. "For God's sake——"

Thrackles leaped upon me and struck me heavily upon the mouth, then sprang for a rifle. I managed to struggle back to the dune, whence I could see.

XV

Five Hundred Yards' Range.

Percy Darrow, with the keenness that always characterized his mental apprehension, had understood enough of my strangled cry. He had not hesitated nor delayed for an explanation, but had turned track and was now running as fast as his long legs would carry him back toward the opening of the ravine. My companions stood watching him, but making no attempt either to shoot or to follow. For a moment I could not understand this, then remembered the disappearance of Perdosa. My heart jumped wildly, for the Mexican had been gone quite long enough to have cut off the assistant's escape. I could not doubt that he would pick off his man at close range as soon as the fugitive should have reached the entrance to the arroyo.

There can be no question that he would have done so had not his Mexican impatience betrayed him. He shot too soon. Percy Darrow stopped in his tracks. Although we heard the bullet sing by us, for an instant we thought he was hit. Then Perdosa fired a second time, against without result. Darrow turned sharp to the left and began desperately to scale the steep cliffs.

I once took a wild boar hunt on the coast of California. Our dogs had penned a small band at the head of a narrow barranca, from which a single steep trail led over the hill. We, perched on another hill some three or four hundred yards away, shot at the animals as they toiled up the trail. The range was long, but we had time, for the severity of the climb forced the boars to a foot pace.

It was exactly like that. Percy Darrow had two hundred feet of ascent to make. He could go just so fast; must consume just so much time in his snail-like progress up the face of the hill. During that time he furnished an excellent target, and the loose sandstone showed where each shot struck.

A significant indication was that the men did not take the trouble to get nearer, for which maneuver they would have had time in plenty, but distributed themselves leisurely for a shooting match.

"First shot," claimed Handy Solomon, and without delay fired offhand. A puff of dust showed to the right. "Nerve no good," he commented, "jerked her just as I pulled."

Pulz fired from the knee. The dust this time puffed below.

"Thought she'd carry up at that distance," he muttered.

The Nigger, too, missed, and Thrackles grinned triumphantly.

"I get a show," said he.

He spread his massive legs apart, drew a deep breath, and raised his weapon. It lay in his grasp steady as a log, and I saw that Percy Darrow's fate was in the hands of that dangerous class of natural marksman that possesses no nerves. But for the second time my teeth saved his life. The trigger guard slipped against Thrackles' lacerated hand almost at the instant of discharge. He missed; and the bullet went wide.

Darrow had climbed a matter of twenty feet.

Now the seamen distributed themselves for more leisurely and accurate marksmanship. Handy Solomon lay flat on his stomach, resting the rifle muzzle across the top of a sand dune. Pulz sat down, an elbow on either knee for the greater steadiness. The Nigger knelt; but Thrackles remained on his feet. No rest could be steadier than the stone-like rigidity of his thick arms.

The firing now became miscellaneous. No one paid any attention to anyone else. Each discovered, what I could have told them, that even the human figure, at 500 yards, is a small mark for a strangle rifle. The constant correction of elevation, however, brought the puffs of dust always closer, and I could not but realize that the doctrine of chances must bring home some of the bullets. I soon discovered, by way of comfort, that only Thrackles and Handy Solomon really understood firearms; and of those two Thrackles alone had much experience at long range. He told me afterward that he had hunted otter.

About half way up the cliffs Thrackles fired his fifth shot. No dust followed the discharge and I saw Percy Darrow stagger and almost lose his hold. The men yelled savagely, but the assistant pulled himself together and continued his crawling.

The sun had been shining in our faces. I could imagine the blurring effect on the sights. Now abruptly it was blotted out, and a semi-twilight fell. We all looked up, in spite of ourselves. An opaque veil had been drawn quite across the heavens, through which we could not make out even the shape of the sun. It was like a thunder cloud, except that its under surface instead of being the usual gray-black was a deep earth-brown. As we looked up, a deep bellow stirred the air, which had fallen quite still, long forks of lightning shot horizontally from the direction of the island's interior, and flashes of dull red were reflected from the canopy of cloud.

The men stared with their mouths open. Undoubtedly the change had been some time in preparation, but all had been so absorbed in the affair of the doctor's assistant that no one had noticed. It came to our consciousness with the suddenness of a theatrical change. A dull roaring commenced, grew in volume, and then a great explosion shook the very ground under our feet.

We stared at each other, our faces whitening.

"What kind of hell has broke loose?" muttered Pulz.

The Nigger fell flat on his face, uttering deep lamentations.

"Voodoo! Voodoo!" he groaned.

A gentle shower of white flakes began, powdering the surface of everything. Far out to sea we could make out the sun on the water. Gradually the roaring died down; the lightning ceased. Comparative peace ensued. We looked again toward the cliff. Percy Darrow had not, for one instant, ceased to climb. He was just topping the edge of the bluff. Handy Solomon, with a cry of rage, let fly another rifle and emptied the magazine at him as fast as the lever could be worked. The dust flew wild in a half dozen places, Darrow drew himself up to the sky line, raised his hand ironically, and disappeared.

"Curse his soul" cried Handy Solomon, his face livid. He threw his rifle to the beach and danced on it in an ecstasy of rage.

"What do we care," growled Thrackles, "he's no good to us. W'at I want to know is, wat's up here, anyhow!"

"Didn't you never see a volcano go off, you swab?" snapped Handy Solomon.

"Easy with your names, mate. No, I never did. We better get out."

"Without the chest?"

"S'pose we go up the gulch and get it, then," suggested Thrackles.

But at this Handy Solomon drew back in evident terror.

"Up to that hole of hell?" he objected. "Not I. You an' Pulz go."

They wrangled over it, Pulz joining. Perdosa, shaken to the soul, crept in, and made a bee line for the rum barrel. He and the Nigger were frankly scared. They had the nervous jumps at every little noise or unexpected movement; and even the natural explanation of these phenomena gave them very little reassurance. I knew that Darrow would hurry as fast as he could back to the valley by way of the upper hills; I knew that he had there several sporting rifles; and I hoped greatly that he and Dr. Schermerhorn might accomplish something before the men had recovered their wits to the point of foreseeing his probable attack. The uncanny cloud in the heavens, the weird half-light, and the explosion which now grew more frequent, had their strong effect in spite of explanation. The men were not really afraid to venture in quest of the supposed treasure; but they were in a frame of mind that dreaded the first plunge. And time was going by.

But the fates were against us, as always in this ill-starred voyage. I watched from my sand dune, saw a second figure emerge from the arroyo's mouth. It appeared to stagger as though hurt; and every eight or ten paces it stopped and rested in a bent-over position. The murkey light was too dim for me to make out details; but, after a moment, a rift in the veil enabled me to identify Dr. Schermerhorn carrying, with great difficulty, the chest.

XVI.

The Murder.

I took no chances, but began at once to shout, as soon as I saw the men had noticed his coming. It was impossible for me to tell whether or not Dr. Schermerhorn heard me. If he did, he misunderstood my intention, for he continued painfully to advance. The only result I gained was to get myself well gagged with my own pocket handkerchief, and thrown in a hollow between the dunes. Thence I could hear Handy Solomon speaking fiercely and rapidly.

"Now you let me run this," he commanded; "we got to find out somethin'. It ain't no good to us without we knows—and we want to find out how he's got the rest hid."

They assented.

"I'm goin' out to help him carry her in," announced the seaman.

A long pause ensued, in which I watched the deep canopy of red-black thicken overhead. A strange and unearthly light had fallen on the world, and the air was quite still. After a while I heard Handy Solomon and Dr. Schermerhorn join the group.

"There you are, Perfessor," cried Handy Solomon, in tones of the greatest heartiness. "I'll put her right there, and she'll be as safe as a babby at home. She's heavy, though."

Dr. Schermerhorn laughed a pleased and excited laugh. I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was strung high, and guessed that his triumph needed an audience.

"You may say so well!" he cried. "It iss heafy; and it iss heafy with the world-desire, the great substance that can do effervthing. Where iss Percy?"

"He's gone aboard."

"We must embark. The time is joost right. A day sooner and the esperiment would haf been spoilt; but now"—he laughed—"let the island sink, we do not care. We must embark hastily."

"It'll take a man long time to carry down all your things, Perfessor."

"Oh, led them go! The eruption has alretty swallowed them oop. The lava iss by now a foot deep in the valley. Before long it flows here, so we must embark."

"But you've lost all them vallyble things, Perfessor," said Handy Solomon. "Now, I call that hard luck."

Dr. Schermerhorn snapped his fingers.

"They do not amoundt to that!" he cried. "Here, here, in this leetle box iss all the treasure! Here iss the labor of ten years! Here iss the Laughing Lass, and the crew, and all the equipmendt comprised. Here iss the world!"

"I'm a plain seaman, Perfessor, and I suppose I got to believe you; but she's a main small box for all that."

"With that small box you can haf all your wishes," asserted the professor, still in the German lyric strain over his triumph. "It iss the box of enchantments. You haf but to will the change you would haf taig place—it iss done. The substance of the rocks, the molecule—all!"

"Could a man make diamonds?" asked Pulz abruptly. I could hear the sharp intake of the men's breathing as they hung on the reply.

"Much more wonderful changes than that it can accomplish," replied the doctor, with an indulgent laugh. "That change iss simple. Carbon iss coal; carbon iss diamond. You see? One has but to change the form, not the substance."

"Then it'll change coal to diamonds?" asked Handy Solomon.

"Yes, you cather my meanings——"

I heard a sharp squeak like a terrified mouse. Then a long, dreadful silence; then two dull, heavy blows, spaced with deliberation. A moment later I caught a glimpse of Handy Solomon bent forward to the labor of dragging a body toward the sea, his steel claw hooked under the angle of the jaw as a man handles a fish. Pulz came and threw off my bonds and gag.

"Come along!" said he.

All kept looking fearfully toward the arroyo. A dense white steam marked its course. The air was now heavy with portent. Successive explosions, some light, some severe, shook the foundations of the island. Great rocks and boulders bounded down the hills. The flashes of lightning had become more frequent. We moved, exaggerated to each other's vision by the strange light, uncouth and gigantic.

"Let's get out of this!" cried Thrackles.

We turned at the word and ran, Thrackles staggering under the weight of the chest. All our belongings we abandoned, and set out for the Laughing Lass with only the tatters in which we stood. Luckily for us a great part of the ship's stores had been returned to her hold after the last thorough scrubbing, so we were in subsistence, but all our clothes, all our personal belongings, were left behind us on the beach. For after once we had topped the cliff that led over to the cove, I doubt if any consideration on earth would have induced us to return to the accursed place.

The row out to the ship was wet and dangerous. Seismic disturbance were undoubtedly responsible for high pyramidic waves that lifted and fell without onward movement. We fairly tumbled up out of the dory, which we did not hoist on deck, but left at the end of the painter to beat her sides against the ship.

(To Be Continued.)

TWO OF THEM.

Citiman—"Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good, honest fellow, too."

Subbubs—"Good gracious! Bigamy, eh?"—Tit-Bits.

NEVERMORE.

Jones—"That young man who plays the cornet is ill."

Green—"Do you think he will recover?"

Jones—"I am afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door."—Tit-Bits.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

FIRST-CLASS FIGHTING MAN.

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 27 Is, "Caleb's Faithfulness Rewarded." Josh. 14:16-15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A brave man, who has never lowered his flag, is an object of everybody's admiration. Even the weak look up to the strong. There is a tingle to the tale which this week will more than ordinarily engross the attention of the Sunday school's millions; because it is the story of Caleb, that doughty old hero that had "kept the faith" through twoscore years and at 85 pronounced himself "fit" for a battle with giants.

The modern analogy of Caleb's romantic experience is in the victories which today are being achieved in the cause of commercial, social and political reforms. The decent portion of society is so interested in the tremendous victories which are being reported week by week, that it perhaps is not taking thought of the daring men who, a score or more years ago, spied out this opportunity, with its giants and walled cities, and courageously reported that victories were possible. Let us take time for a cheer for the pathfinders—many of whom have gone to their reward without having seen their faith vindicated. We are entering the Canaans into which they had the hardihod and farsightedness to summon us.

A Romance of Heroism.

This story is one of the finest in the best book of fine stories. Twelve spies, it will be recalled, had been sent into Canaan when the wandering children of Israel reached the borders of their Promised Land. Ten returned terror-stricken. The walled cities, and the ferocious sons of Anak, had overawed them. Two alone, while admitting these dangers, yet said that Israel was able to make the conquest. But the panic-stricken people threatened them with death by stoning. The majority ruled—and died miserably for its pusillanimity. Only two men of all that company above twenty years of age ever lived to enter the Promised Land, and those two were Joshua and Caleb, the spies who had made the brave report.

Now, 45 years after, Caleb is asking nothing better of his old comrade in arms, Joshua, Israel's new leader, than a chance to go up against those same walled cities which had scared the manhood out of his ten associates, more than a generation before. Hear the old warrior chafing for battle at an age when most men are in their graves.

"I am this day fours-ore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, and to go out and to come in. Now therefore give me this hill country, whereof Jehovah spoke in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakim were there, and cities great and fortified: it may be that Jehovah will be with me, and I shall drive them out, as Jehovah spake."

A Man Who Did Not Whimper.

Never a whine in that declaration. Caleb was not exulting over his weaker associates, nor railing at his nation for its past treatment of him. He had known hard times, bitterly hard times, but his life had not been embittered. He was as free from the spirit of whimpering as from the spirit of faithful service. One cannot live on a past experience. There are people arising in prayer meetings and talking about what happened between them and the Lord twenty years ago. There is no grip or power in such testimony. It is what happened today that counts. Present relationships are the vital ones in religion. Every Christian needs to be on his guard to keep his personal spiritual life a present experience.

A Fighting Man's Faith.

The man who, in the face of bitter and and powerful misrepresentation and opposition, is doing more for the American name in China than any other, Judge L. F. Whilfley, said to me one day in Shanghai, "Next to honesty, the most important quality in life is courage." It was a voice of experience out of the thick of the battle. And it is a word for the times—whether spoken by old Caleb, of ancient days, or one of his later types. Expediency has been the dominant note of a great deal of modern life: a great deal of fighting must yet be done before this can be supplanted by truth. Many men will have to be misunderstood and criticised and antagonized before that brave day can be fully brought in which puts truth above everything else.

The life platform of Caleb might be summed up in those words from the Psalmist, which would make a splendid motto for any young person facing life: "Wait for Jehovah. Be strong and let thy heart take courage. Yea, wait thou for Jehovah." He was a man who wholly followed Jehovah; and, of course, Jehovah is bound to vindicate all such.

Prof. Blaikie says of Caleb: "That beautiful creation of Milton's, the Seraph Abdiel, 'Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he,' is the type and ideal of the class. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego resisting the enthusiasm of myriads and calmly defying the fiery furnace; the Apostle Paul clinging to his views of the law and the gospel when even his brother Peter began to waver; Martin Luther, with his foot on the Bible confronting the whole world; John Knox, defying sovereign and nobles and priests alike, determined that the gospel should be freely preached; Carey going out as a missionary to India amid the derision of the world—have all exemplified the Caleb spirit that must utter what is in the heart."

A Goal Worth Winning.

"If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us there will come an hour
When the tree of life shall burst into flower,
And rain at our feet a glorious dower.
Of something grander than ever we knew."

Caleb thought that he was asking only for the hard thing; really he was asking for the precious thing. Hebron is one of the golden names of the Old Testament. True, his highest reward came in his own fearless spirit, for, as says Lowell,

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

The prize which Caleb coveted and won had more to commend it than giants and walled cities. Hebron was older than Abraham, and hallowed by memories of the patriarchs. It was there, under the trees of Mamre, that Abraham had dwelt. There Sarah had died and been buried in the cave of Macpelah. There Isaac and Jacob had sojourned. And there, after its first conquest by Joshua and its final subjugation by Caleb, the tribe of Judah found a rallying place. It was at Hebron that David reigned for seven and a half years. Today, Hebron, still inhabited, is regarded as one of the oldest towns in the world.

Courage always wins the great prizes. Life would be a finer, richer, nobler possession for most of us if we only faced it with more fearlessness and exalted fidelity. There may be hard and dark spaces, to the near view, but the end is conquest and peace.

ONCE HE WAS FOOLED.

The late "Bob" Pinkerton had perhaps the largest collection of threatening letters ever addressed to one man in this country. He saved many of the interesting ones and showed them to his friends. No matter how dire a fate the letters pictured he was never disturbed. Among others who threatened his life in letters was "Pat" Crowe, who became notorious as the kidnaper of Eddie Cudahy, son of the Omaha packer, for which crime he was acquitted, through some strange miscarriage of western justice. Crowe blamed the Pinkertons for his imprisonment for robbing a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train, near St. Jospeh. He wrote from the Missouri state prison, but like most of the writers never followed up his threats.

Possessing a keen sense of humor, "Bob" Pinkerton loved a joke, and did not hesitate to tell a story on himself. Shortly before he sailed for Europe he related this tale of a hoax played by four young men who were fellow-passengers on a train from Chicago.

"My attention was attracted to the quartet in the smoking compartment of the Pullman," said Mr. Pinkerton, "because the three of them were carefully pouring the drinks which they took from a quart bottle into the cuspadore when the fourth was not looking. This fourth fellow had a great deal of valuable jewelry about his person, and was obviously very drunk. I watched their maneuvers quietly for some time.

"Finally to my surprise and indignation I saw one of them take a vial from his pocket and pour ten drops into the drink which was intended for the chap with the jewelry. It was the most brazen and daring case of 'knockout drops' I had ever encountered.

"Now, you might suppose that it was up to me right then to 'cut in,' but it wasn't. A man can't get the full punishment for 'knockout drops' until they have actually been administered. So I kept my hand out of the business until I could see the end of the play.

"The youth who had handled the vial handed the 'doped' drink to the intoxicated chap, who drank it greedily. Then he gradually sank into a stupor, yielding to the effects of the drug. His mouth hung open and he was helpless. Then the three into one began to strip their victim of the jewelry.

"I reached the door of the smoking compartment in three jumps.

"'Pretty coarse work, sons,' I said, just showing them the gun I had in my hands, but not leveling it at them. I am surprised that you are so foolish as to think that you can get away with the goods in such a fashion. My name is Pinkerton, and the three of you can consider yourselves under arrest.'

"The young fellow who was being robbed slumbered on, with his mouth wide open, and the other three looked terribly alarmed. Their faces got red and they began to reproach each other.

"'I told you he was Pinkerton,' one of them said, bitterly.

"'Even if Pinkerton wasn't on the train we ought to have known better,' moaned the second youth.

"'What are you going to do with us?' demanded the third.

"'I am going to take the lot of you to jail at the next stop, I said, 'and I can give it to you pretty straight that you are in a whole lot of trouble.'

"Then the 'unconscious victom' could hold in no longer. He jumped up and let out a roar, then he fell back in his seat and fairly shook with laughter. The other three likewise toppled into their chairs and moaned with joy.

"Well, it didn't need a rear-end collision to make me see how these four young reprobates had fooled me. They offered me a drink out of the quart bottle which contained nothing worse than tea which the porter had secured for them in the dining car. The user of the 'knockout' drops drained the vial before my eyes, remarking, with a smile, that he had never tasted better spring water in his life. They were four college youths who recognized me from pictures which they had seen in the papers, and they fixed up the joke on me. I bit, and bit hard. I didn't say a word, but silently conducted them to the buffet car and told them it was all on me."

X-RAYS.

Before the German Society of Physics, F. Dessauer recently exhibited an apparatus for the production of X-Rays of extraordinary penetrating power, his idea being that such rays might prove useful in the medical treatment of deep-seated diseases. By employing Roentgen tubes in which the exhaustion of the air is carried to a very high degree, and through which, in consequence, the electric discharge can be sent only by means of a very great tension, he produced rays so penetrating that they readily passed through the bones as well as the flesh, so that a radiograph of the hand made with these rays showed hardly any image of the bones. While ordinary rays the energy at the surface of the body is a hundred times more intense than at a depth of five millimetres in the tissues. With Dessauer's rays the penetration is very much more profound.—Youth's Companion.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

With some Farmstead readers please tell me what to do for canker among my hens?—C., Columbus, Ind.

I have two heavy draft horses, each of which has a swelling on the hind pastern joint; it extends about six inches in length and is hard, and the horses suffer much pain from it. They have been worked hard for six or eight years; they eat well but are in poor condition, having lost flesh since I quit working them. Wish somebody would tell me what is the matter.—R., Brockville, Pa.

Early last spring my horse was apparently taken with rheumatism in all four quarters. Then it finally settled in right front leg. He walks on his toe; cords are sore and badly contracted; leg is feverish. Can some Farmstead reader with experience tell me what to do for it?—M., Lake George, Mich.

Thistles.

M., Dicksonburg, Pa.: The bull thistle—originally from Europe, but now fully naturalized, is a biennial and most or all our native species—eight or nine in number—are also. But the Canada thistle, so called, though it came from Europe in the first place, is a true biennial and a very different proposition. This Canada, or cursed thistle, as some call it, has a long running root lying in deep soil, somewhat deeper than the plow generally goes, and if you dig it out carefully you will find many stalks attached to the horizontal root and all joining one plant, just as a tall tree might have its trunk under ground and sending up its branches. Cut thistles when the stems are hollow in the old of the moon in August (they say); the stems will fill with water and the roots will rot. But they won't; this is the last thing that could happen. This deep horizontal root stalk is perfectly secure from rotting and even the branches have healthy buds all ready for the next year an inch or two below the surface. The stump of the old stalk perishes and is cast off, and that is all. It is not the age of the moon or the rotten roots, but the thickening grass that makes them diminish. In my experience seeding the land and mowing the hay for two years practically clears them out, though they are not exterminated, and if the ground is ploughed they may come on again. A man said in a paper that he would give a dollar each for thistle plants grown from the seed, but he was not so safe as he thought. It is true that good seeds are not numerous, but they exist. You may see them coming up in the fall; in the spring others sprout. A thistle seed is not really a seed; it is a one-seeded fruit called an achene (pronounced akeeney) and the vast majority of "seeds" have no seeds in them; they are just hollow shells. Freighted with a good seed a thistle down cannot fly far; the down and the drifting thought the sky carry no seed that will grow. After all, thistles have some good qualities. Cows and horses eat them in the pasture and will often pick them out of the best hay. I was amused by seeing one of my cows who had a huge-mouthful filling her mouth and sticking out each way like a cat's whiskers, and feeling them prick her lips she had stopped chewing to consider how to manage them. Finally, working them around, she swallowed them with great relish. Our native thistles are rare and rare and shy plants in swamps and along the woodside; the European thistle, though something of a weed at times, is a very mild affair beside the Canada thistle.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Lumpy Milk.

C., Nashville, Ind.: Your Jersey has the garget, and the only real cure is to get another cow in her place. The present attack may disappear and she may be all right apparently for weeks or months, but it will come on again, and as time goes on the attacks will become more frequent and severe until the cow is permanently retired from the list of milch cows. There is an inflammation of a part of the udder for a day or two, so slight at first that you may not notice it; this fever is apparently the cause of the clots. A huge plant called poke or skoke root (thytolacca decandia) is used for garget, a half ounce or so of the root being a dose, as it is reputed poisonous. Very likely it has no value. When the disease disappears for a time, as it is sure to do in its first stages, the poke root gets the credit.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Asthma.

M., Mill Creek, W. Va.: Remedies for asthma are not numerous. All that can be done, so far as I know, is to get some temporary relief. For this many burn the dry leaves of the datetty stramonium and inhale the smoke. This plant, a relative of the tobacco plant, potato, tomato, egg plant, pepper, etc., is called the Jamestown or jimson weed in many places, and it should be a common weed in your state. But if not the leaves can be bought at any drug store. A little heap of the coarsely powdered leaves will make a smoldering fire. But you will have to repeat the treatment as occasion arises. The datueas are more or less poisonous, if taken internally; try no experiments in this way. Another name for the plant is thorn apple from the prickles on the seed vessel.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Road Problem in Mississippi.

In what is called the "gumbo" country of Mississippi, the road question is one of the greatest problems the farmer has to deal with. Better roads are absolutely necessary, but how are they to be made? There is not any rock or stone or gravel within many miles, either above or below the surface—nothing but clay and muck. In this extremity the United States government has come to the rescue with the most novel and ingenious device for road building ever invented. The roadway is covered with cordwood of the kind fit for burning. This wood is overlaid with a few inches of the clay which is to be had in abundance upon all sides. Little flues are left through the clay and the fuel is set on fire. When it has burned out, the clay has been hardened into one great brick, as wide as the road and as long as may be. This brick is not hard, but it will wear off slowly and not get muddy. A mile of such road can be built for about $1,400.

Prepare for Winter.

This month should be one of preparation for the early winter. First everything should be cleaned up in the lots and in the houses. The hen is naturally a clean bird. Those who have watched her arranging her plumage can not help but be impressed with the fact that she prefers cleanliness. She spends more time in trying to keep her plumage clean and removing objectionable feathers than the lady of the house spends on her toilet. Those who have watched her taking her bath in the sand bank will have noted that she has a desire to remove every objectionable insect or mite from her person. We do not in the least doubt that if the hen had the management of her own house that she would put some of us women folks to shame, she would be so cleanly. Since she desires to have everything clean, the keeper of her house should make an effort to respect her desires at the beginning of cold weather. Second, there should be an untiring effort to destroy the mites and pests which greatly annoy her at night and sap her body of much of the vitality that it needs in the maintenance of health and the production of eggs. It is a well known fact that these mites do not multiply as mer months and they are more easily rapidly in the fall as they do in the summer. combated now than at any other time before the winter sets in. Since the mites spend the day in the houses, they can be easily destroyed while the birds are out in search of food. Last and by no means least, there should be an abundant preparation of feed. Now is the harvest time of all the late maturing grains and nearly all of the garden crops. There is an abundance to select from, and if the poultry raiser on the small farm or even on the truck farm near the towns and cities fails to provide enough of a variety of feeds for the birds through the winter, it is generally due to the fact that he is negligent in paying attention to this important essential. We have seen enough cabbage go to waste on the average farm to furnish an excellent variation from the common ration for all the birds the farmer had. The same is true with turnips, potatoes, and other roots; with sweet corn, cane seed, millet and other grains; and in fact, with every product the farmer raises that the birds can eat. Let this be the month of paying a little more than ordinary attention to the birds' needs during the winter. We are sure that if this little attention is paid, the birds will pay the owners large dividends for the trouble.—Mary Porter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Gapes—Cause and Remedy.

A writer in an exchange in speaking of gapes, says: "There are three kinds of worms that fowls are subject to—the round worm, tapeworm and gapes. We take that your chicks have the gapes, as these appear in young chicks rather than in old birds. These worms attach themselves to the membrane of the windpipe and suck blood from the chick, setting up considerable irritation, causing the chick to cough. The disease is contagious by being communicated to the other chicks after being coughed up by the diseased chicks. Disinfect the runs and all the places the chicks are kept in with a 5 per cent solution of carbolic acid and water. Keep the diseased chicks separated from well ones. To treat those afflicted with the gapes take a feather and strip off the web to within an inch of the end. Moisten this with oil of turpentine, open the chick's mouth and insert the feather, giving it a quick turn, and withdraw it quickly. Two or three applications of this kind will kill the worms. Camphor in the form of pills is also a good remedy. Give them about one grain twice each day. Some give garlic as an internal treatment. Mix the garlic with the soft feed, giving one good sized bulb of garlic to about ten chicks. Do not treat for gapes unless you are certain that this is what is the trouble. If it is not the gapes then a different treatment will be necessary."

Gout in Poultry.

It is not generally known that poultry will suffer from gout, but such is the case. Dr. Salmon describes it as follows: "It is usually accompanied by lameness and indisposition to remain standing. The small swellings which appear on the side of the joints are at first soft, but afterwards harden, and in some or most cases ulcerate and may become filled with yellowish, stringy pus or bloody matter. The advanced stages of the disease, which often leads to exhaustion and death, are usually seen in older birds. Keep the birds away from dampness and in well ventilated but dry houses. Give affected birds frequent change of ration and plenty of grain food. We would not feed much corn, if any. Kill seriously affected fowls." The same authority advises the following as a good remedy: Begin treatment by giving 20 to 30 grains Epsom salts, and adding the next day 30 to 40 grains of baking soda to the quart of drinking water, also giving two or three grains of salicylic acid twice a day. The lumpy joints may also be treated with carbolic ointment.

Alfalfa in Kansas.

In an official statement made by F. D. Coburn, of the Kansas board of agriculture, we are met with the surprising fact that the alfalfa fields of Kansas now approximate nearly three-quarters of a million acres and but three cultivated crops exceed it in annual area, viz., wheat, corn and oats. In combination with these alfalfa furnishes Kansas in abundance with perhaps the best and cheapest rations anywhere available for the maintenance of their live stock, for the excellence of which they are famed.

"The credulity of the stranger to alfalfa, however fair-minded, is invariably taxed by a recitation of the truth about this wonderful plant; even the facts cut in two leave him in a perturbed state of doubt as to the veracity of the narrator, but thoroughly convincing are the experiences of those who are actually its growers. It is a perennial blessing to those who are so fortunate as to have an area devoted to its culture; yielding annually, whether the season be wet or dry, its several cuttings of hay unsurpassed in tonnage and quality, it is indeed esteemed as a benefaction, and doubly appreciated in those portions where it flourishes, but where the clovers do not prosper. Kansans were among the foremost to correctly estimate its worth, and its widespread introduction in the Sunflower state has been one of the most important factors in increasing bank deposits and the per capita wealth.

The increase in its area in Kansas affords some, although no adequate, idea of the growing appreciation in which the plant is held. It is sixteen years since the crop was first thought of enough importance to chronicle its statistics, when the enumerators of the board of agriculture returned the area for the state as 34,384 acres. This year (1907) the area in alfalfa is 742,140 acres, or an increase of 20.7 per cent. over the area of 1906.

Kansas, situated as she is, bordered the Missouri river on the east and extending 400 miles westward toward the Rocky mountains, presents a wide variety of soils and other conditions, but alfalfa is all the way successfully grown, thus demonstrating its general adaptability. The farmers of practically all portions are annually sowing enlarged areas, as is indicated by the county statistics. For example, of the more western counties, Wichita and Stevens, in the second tier from Colorado, respectively gains in area in the past year of 576 per cent. and 633 per cent., respectively.

In 1891 there were nine counties having 1,000 or more acres; this year there are 51; in 1891 there was one county, Finney, having over 5,000 acres; now there are 44 such counties 29 of which have 10,000 acres and upwards.

As a hay there is none so good for all kinds of live stock as alfalfa, and for horses and hogs it is a most invaluable food either as a hay, a soiling crop, or as pasture. As a meat-maker, milk-maker and money-maker

OPEN SECRETS.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the e intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. rce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold de- ture from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medi- es for domestic use, and so published **broadcast and openly to the** ole world, a full and complete list of the ingredients entering into composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has en the many users of his medicines into his full confidence. Thus he has absolutely and completely removed his medicines from ong *secret nostrums* of doubtful merits, and made them REMEDIES KNOWN COMPOSITION.

Dr Pierce's medicines are now in a class all by themselves-- ng absolutely and in every sense Non-secret.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such cellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

ot only does the wrapper of every le of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical overy, the famous medicine for k stomach, torpid liver or bilious- and all catarrhal diseases wherever ed, have printed upon it, *in plain* lish, a full and complete list of all ingredients composing it, but a l book has been compiled from erous standard medical works, of the different schools of practice, aining very numerous extracts from writings of leading practitioners edicine, endorsing *in the strongest ible terms*, each and every ingredi- contained in Dr. Pierce's medi- . One of these little books will be led free to any one sending address postal card or by letter, to Dr. R.V. rce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting same. From this booklet it will be ned that Dr. Pierce's medicines con- no alcohol, narcotics, mineral ts or other poisonous or injurious ts and that they are made from e, medicinal roots of great value; that some of the most valuable in- ients contained in Dr. Pierce's Fa- ite Prescription for weak, nervous, -worked, "run-down," nervous and ilitated women, were employed, long s ago by the Indians for similar ents affecting their squaws. In one of the most valuable medic- plants entering into the composi- of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip- was known to the Indians as uaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the of not a few of our most valuable e, medicinal plants was gained m the Indians.

s made up by improved and exact esses and with the use of specially gned chemical apparatus, the "Fa- ite Prescription" is a most efficient edy for regulating all the womanly tions, correcting displacements, as apsus, anteversion and retroversion, oming painful periods, toning up nerves and bringing about a per- state of health.

he *exact proportion* of the several in- dients used in these medicines, as as the working formula and peculi- processes, apparatus and appliances loyed in their manufacture, are held from publicity that Dr. Pierce's prietary rights may not be infringed trespassed upon by unprincipled imitators and those who may be piratically inclined.

Dr. John Fyfe, of Saugatuck, Conn., Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in THE ECLECTIC REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

"Helonias more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted*. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent."

"The following are among the leading indications for Helonias: Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys: menorrhagia, ("flooding") due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhea, arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and an anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensation in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is rich in all the medical properties of Unicorn root, or Helonias.

MEN AND WOMEN

should have a good medical book handy. They should have a book that treats of the sexological relations of the sexes as well as how and when to advise son and daughter. A standard work is the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R.V. Pierce, M. D. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the latest thoroughly revised, cloth-bound book, or 21 stamps for the paper-covered volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

merica's Champion Talker

ine Straight Hours Is the Record of Brigham Moses, of Wilkinsonville, Mass.

me on, all you great talkers, male female, here's a chance for you! 's a man who claims to have dis- ed the champion talker of the , and is ready to back him for dol- or doughnuts against all comers, go- ugolese, catch weights, winner to all the stakes, gate receipts to be ed, says the New York World. e challenger is ex-Deacon Aaron Chamberlain, who is now out of a because the town of Wilkinsonville, s, has been sold at auction, together the church that supplied his job, general store that was his forum, and houses that furnished his audiences. is how he tosses out his challenge: y, down my way we've got the talker you ever listened to. Can't you his address, heeus' I don't just where we're livin' sence the 've been wined off the map. But if you New Yorkers want to enter ain' match for speed or endurance, ready and willin' to act as go-be- and holder of the money. Maybe York'll want Brig'm now. You to have him.

am backin' a man becus' all this ent about women being the great- kers is wrong. I claim, and 'm to produce somethin' to back it ther Brig'm Moses, formerly of Wil- ville, and now of the world. Wor- county, U. S. A., can out-talk any three men or women you can pro- Just as a suggestion, I want to that Brig'm's record to the present me and a half hours without a stop what I call a involuntary conversa- list.

Let me tell ye something about how made the record. Ye see, in its y days Wilkinsonville was a busy We had a couple of factories ect in a while there'd be a new ar- in town. Brig'm broke former re- on one occasion when a new ar- was caught careless-like and didn't against Brig'm.

Brig'm lives about four miles from used to be the center of the town. used ter come driving in with a that was so dusty ye couldn't tell or, and gener'lly had a few chicks on the axles. The day he made ed he struck the store 'long about He yelled, 'Whoa, Daisy,' threw reins out and walked into the store. first thing he heard was about the arrival, who had struck town that Brig'm disappeared soon after and er found he had gone to the house the newcomer was. The new- Fred Hutchins, later told me Brig'm's visit. Seems that Hutch- had been workin' like a slave day, gettin' things in shape for sun- Things was just on the table there was a knock a the door. in,' says Fred, and in walks n, who introduces himself an re- 'Wal, this be luck. Jest in time upper.' Then he pulls up a chair grabs a plate. Fred and his wife it was a good joke, and let it that. Then Brig'm got goin', and but a few minutes when the knew about all the history everybody in town. The supper was finished and Mrs. Hutchins cleared off the dishes. Then she came in and sat down near Hutchins and Brig'm. Meanwhile Brig'm had been keepin' up a continual stream of talk. Hutchins was beginnin' to get tired, he told me, when his wife came back. They sat down and listened to Brig'm for a while. Then Fred ganed and his wife ganed, but Brig'm kept right on. There was more ganin' and more talk from Brig'm, and then Mrs. Hutchins sidled toward her bedroom door. Brig'm kept right up with her, and when Fred began hitchin' over toward the bedroom Brig'm did the same. Finally Mrs. Hutchins got up and said: 'Per'aps Mr. Morse is gettin' tired and wants us to go to bed.' It didn't work, for Brig'm came right back with, 'None, I ain't tired but if you folks want to go to bed, don't let me stop ye.'

"Hutchins thought that meant Brig'm was goin' right out, but that was where Brig'm showed his fine hand. He waved Hutchins toward the bedroom door, and as Fred and his wife went inside shoved his chair a few feet nearer and kept right on talkin'. He had got started on the story of how he had benefited the town with many a plan, but never had got nothin' in return.

"'Why, I've done more for this town' he shouted, 'than anybody that ever lived here, and they hain't done a darn thing for me. Ye see, I invented work, and in the generosity of my heart I ain't never tried to benefit by the invention, but I've jest gone ahead and given all ter it. Now, I've got another scheme that means money to this here town, and I'm willin' to give the town the benefit of my brains.'

"Hutchins and his wife inside the bedroom were nearly ready for bed as Brig'm reached the startin' point of his real speech. They drew the door almost together and climbed into bed. 'Never mind me,' said Brig'm, 'I can talk jest the same,' and he kept goin'. 'If there's anythin' this here town needs right now it's a fire department. An' I've got the right idee of providin' jest such a thing Brig'm didn't hear the snores from the bedroom. He was too interested in hearin' himself talk. 'Yep, I've got the scheme. They's a lot of good power goin' to waste in this here county. Now, all's we need is ter get the legislatur' to change to this town the insane asylum that Worcester's got now. Let the town agree to keen the lunatics in exchange for their services. I'd have the town use part of the asylum as a hose wagon house and have a counle of long ropes attached to the wagon. Then when a alarm come I'd turn loose the crazy ones and hustle 'em to the department. The crowd could hire me to be on hand at all times, and, of course, before the lunatics got there I'd be ready for 'em. I'd see that they got well hitched to the ropes and headed for the fire. Then, Jerusalem they'd go jest like the devil. Ye see, I'd keep up somehow and keen the off horses, I mean the off lunatics on the right road. Gosh, it sounds to me like a football game, but a football game wouldn't be in it. Then I'd hitch 'em to the pumps and make 'em supply the water force. There'd be things doin'.'

"Hutchins says that was the last he heard that night. He woke up early the next mornin' and heard a mumblin' outside the bedroom door. He pushed it open, and there was Brig'm jest pushin' another load of tobacco in his pine. He heard. 'Jest think what the town would save by usin' the lunatics. Besides'— Then he pushed open the door and said: 'Good mornin'.' Brig'm looked up. 'Taint mornin' yet, be it?' he questioned. Then he looked at the windows and slowly straightened his hat on his head. 'I'd stay to breakfast, only I oughter find that there hoss.' And there was a wistful sound in his voice that Hutchins said made him almost ask him to stay. Mrs. Hutchins reached out and pinched his arm, and Brig'm started for the door. 'Well, any way,' he said, 'that scheme is a good one, and it'll save the town money. I'll tell yer the rest about it some day.'"

United States Senator William V. Allen, of Nebraska, Populist, talked continuously in 1899 on the silver bill for 23 hours. He was on his feet constantly, except for a few minutes when a point of "no quorum" was being enforced. This is the record for the United States.

The world record is held by Mr. De Cosmos, a member of the legislature of British Columbia, who spoke against a land bill for 26 hours without stopping for food or rest. He was scarcely given opportunity to take a drink of water.

Senator William A. Peffer talked in 1899 for 12 hours without food or rest.

Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, spoke for nearly 13 hours in 1901 in an effort to kill the river and harbor bill, which he succeeded in doing.

Lord Alverstone, as counsel for Great Britain in the Venezuelan arbitration matter, talked throughout the sessions of the commission for 16 consecutive days. His address covered every phase of the British side of the case.

THE SONG OF SWEET SLEEP

The song of sweet sleep—I remember the way
She sang of sweet sleep, with her once-on-a-day!
The song of sweet sleep—ah, would it might be
That song of sweet sleep once again unto me
Might sound as she sang it when play-time was done
And she sang of sweet sleep to a tired little one!

The song of sweet sleep—though it never again
Can fall from her lips with its tender refrain—
Sings sweet on the lips of the shadows that flow
When unto the valleys of dreamland I go!
The song of sweet sleep, with her hand on my hair,
And my hand on her breast in the old rocking chair!

The song of sweet sleep—how I drifted away
On the wings of her song to the land of child-play,
Living all over in dreams in her arms
The day with its laughter and sweetness and charms.
The childheart adventures, the battles of cheer,
With her love like a shadow to guard us from fear!

The song of sweet sleep—I have traveled so far
In strange lands and strange ways, 'neath strange sun and strange star,
In the spell of that song and the sway of its rune,
So dreamy, so drifty, so tender its tune,
With little eyes blinking, and hands clasped in rest
For the song of sweet sleep as I dozed on her breast!

The song of sweet sleep—I remember it yet,
With a love that no changes can make me forget;
And oft when alone in the shadows and gloom
Long faded and withered, I hear the old lay
She sang of sweet sleep, with her once-on-a-day!

The song of sweet sleep—I am dreaming tonight
Of the lilt of the song, and the sweetness and light
It shed on the child heart that climbed to her chair
To feel the soft touch of her hand on his hair—
Dreaming and longing and yearning to creep,
As of old, to her arms for the song of sweet sleep!

—Baltimore Sun.

BOATING ON LAKE CHAD

Some queer adventures and many hardships were encountered by Lieut. Boyd Alexander in his exploration of the broad but shallow and reedy waters of Lake Chad in Africa. Of one incident he writes: "By now we found that our provisions had run out, so to procure food we frantically waded up to our waists in mud after duck, which, before so strange an invasion, immediately took refuge in flight. We therefore had to pay our attention to the flocks of kittiwake gulls which often circled about us, and it was not long before we had spitted and roasted some before the fire in our boat. The following evening, however, our plight became serious, for cartridges were almost finished and we were obliged to make for rats, which abounded on the islands, digging them out of their holes and making humble pie of them, and this is how we lived for another six days."

Great parts of Lake Chad average four feet deep even where fully twenty miles wide. Sometimes the reeds are enormously thick and high, through which the travelers had to force their way: "The next cutting, six miles in length, occupied two days. During these operations we were obliged to spend the nights huddled up in the boats. Sleep was out of the question. We were attacked by hordes of mosquitoes and we prayed for the morning to come. Many of the men, maddened with pain, preferred to sit up to their necks in water all night. I observed three species of mosquitoes, one as large as a small fly, very dark and with a transparent body, which grew to enormous proportions when distended with blood. In spite of all these mosquitoes I never experienced a day's fever on the lake."

Of another experience he writes: "On the outward journey we came upon a large Buduma fishing fleet for the first time. At first we took them for true Budumas, whom they considered as easy prey; for it is their habit to plunder one another when they get the chance. Accordingly, they closed up ready for attack. But soon they realized their misiake and the tables were turned. Before we could get up to them—and the crews of the boats were straining every nerve—many of the boats burst out into flames and the Budumas, swimming like otters underneath the water, disappeared into the reeds. The boats were piled up with dried fish and hidden underneath straw mats we found four slave boys, who were the victims of a traffic carried on between the Budumas and Tubus."

BRIEF YARNS

Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court is said to be the author of this story: A witness testified in a certain case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place and the question was asked, "What did Mary say?" This was objected to and after some discussion the judge ruled out the question. An exception to this decision was immediately taken and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered. At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that "Mary said nothing."

Having seen Niagara falls and having read Southey's poem descriptive of the manner in which the water comes down at Lodore, it is alleged that an American became convinced that the Lodore cataract was the greater. So he went to England to hunt up the falls of Lodore. He set out the moment he reached Keswick and walked and toiled over rocks and bowlders. He could not find the falls. He rested and asked a native: "Can you direct me to the falls of Lodore?" "Why, you're a-settin' on 'em," was the heart-breking answer. The falls of all the adjectives were dry!

"In China, dear friends," said the absent-minded missionary, "human life is regarded as of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death he can easily hire another to die for him; and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."

CALLED HIS BLUFF.

Sam Warren, the author of Ten Thousand a Year, has been the subject of many anecdotes on account of his fondness for blowing about his friends in high society, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. None of them better than one which I first heard related about him by his friend Matthew Davenport Hill.

Looking in one day at Warren's chambers Hill noticed that he seemed a little troubled.

"It is," said the lawyer-novelist, "most unfortunate. I ought to have dined tonight with the lord chancellor, but Mrs. Warren is about to present me with another olive branch; how can I leave her? I hope his lordship won't be annoyed at my putting him off."

"Oh," returned Hill, "don't make yourself uneasy; I am one of the guests; I know him so well, I can put it all right for you."

With these words the visitor prepared to leave the room.

At first profusely grateful, Warren presently seemed a little perplexed, and said: "By the by, after all, I won't trouble you to say anything about me to the chancellor. Between ourselves I have not been invited."

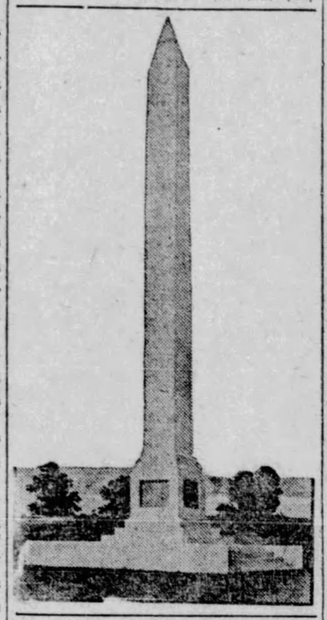
"Well," rejoined Hill, "make yourself comfortable on that point; for that matter, neither have I."

Ft. Meigs Monument.

Historic Fort Meigs, near Maumee, O., made memorable by the war of 1812, is to be marked by a beautiful granite shaft 83 feet high, and the monument, which will be placed on the crest of the hill, where so many of the soldiers of 1812 are resting, will occupy an imposing site overlooking the Maumee river for miles.

The shaft will be six feet square at the base and will rest on a foundation 30 by 30 feet in dimension.

It is the hope of the commission that it may be dedicated next summer during the National Encampment of the Grand Army. The monument will cost $14,-



000 and its erection has been secured largely through the efforts of the Maumee Valley Pioneer and Historical society. The assocciation owns 32 acres of ground on Fort Meigs, eight of which was purchased with funds raised by the society and the remainder with a portion of the $25,000 appropriated by the government, $14,000 having been used for the purchase of this monument.

From the fort, where the monument will be located, can be seen the battleground of Fallen Timbers, the historic old Indian elm in Maumee, Dudley's battlefield surrounding the old court house in Maumee and Fort Miami.

A VENETIAN PAGEANT.

Had I timed my visit to Venice I could not have done better, for I assisted at a ceremony that originally took place nearly four hundred years ago, and will never take place again. I was present at the funeral of a doge! Now Venice has not been ruled by a doge for more than a hundred years, but this particular doge, Sebastiano Veniero, died over three hundred years ago and was decently buried at Murano, and one might have supposed that that was the end of him. This was not, however, the place indicated in his will; no attention was paid to his wishes until his remains, with his heart intact, were brought to Venice in June last. Then all that was left of this distinguished doge and brave soldier—for he commanded the Venetian flotilla at the battle of Lepanto in 1571—was placed in the church of St. Giovanni and Paolo, where his statue, done by Antonio Dal-Zotto, stands in a conspicuous place. I had been saying all the time I was in Venice that it was a great pity one could not see the gondolas decked in gay colors and manned by gaily-costumed gondoliers as in the days of the doges; and here, as though by the touch of a necromancer's wand, we were taken back nearly four hundred years. I had not heard of the funeral, and was drifting about idly in my gondola when the scene of splendor burst upon my gaze. You may be surprised at the idea of a funeral being a scene of splendor, but the barge in which the great Veniero lay was gay in red velvet and cloth of gold, and was towed by a gorgeous gondola with gondoliers in the costumes of his day. In the one black covered gondola sat a cardinal in robes of scarlet, and before him, in an open gondola draped in black, came the one surviving Veniero, the only living descendant of the fighting doge, an old man, the very image of his ancestor, dressed in black broadcloth, with a deep mourning band upon his tall hat. There was nothing more interesting in the whole pageant than this gray-bearded descendant of the great doge; the last of his line, too, for my gondolier told me, with a tone of reproach in his voice, that Signor Veniero, though rich, was a bachelor.

As the funeral cortege floated by, we followed it to the doge's palace, where it landed and was met by a cordon of soldiers and sailors and a military band playing a funeral march; the very march, I should say, judging from the style of music, that was played at this doge's first funeral, centuries ago.—"The Lounger," in Putnam's.

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

At the concert the other day which was given by the London Symphony orchestra, Richter never once used a score; in other words, he conducted the entire concert by heart. This constituted a very remarkable feat, especially when it is borne in mind that the entire programe consisted of Beethoven's works. But prodigious as Richter's memory is known to be, it yet cannot compare with that of Von Bulow, one of the greatest pianists and conductors of the last century. Countless are the stories of the wonderful feats that he would perform in this connection, and perhaps one told by a pupil of his is worth repeating. A young composer called on Von Bulow one day to get his opinion of a pianoforte concerto he had just written. Von Bulow declared he was too busy to go through it at the moment, but that if he left the manuscript he would examine it at his leisure. That same evening Von Bulow was at a party and was asked to play. Spying his young composer friend sitting in the corner he clamly sat down at the piano and played the entire manuscript concerto from memory. The utter amazement depicted on the features of the young composer can be better imagined than described.—London Telegraph.

THE BURDEN BEARER.

"The late Senator Pettus," said a Selma man, "came to view with a little alarm, in his later years, he immense and unrestricted immigration to our shores.

"Walking one evening with him, I pointed to a foreigner marching along at the head of his family. The man was tall, erect, robust, a superbly handsome fellow.

"'There,' I said, 'is a fine figure of an immigrant. See how he carries himself.'

"Senator Pettus laughed bitterly.

"'Yes, he said, 'and see how he lets his wife carry everything else.'"

FAD PARTY.

A fad party affords a novel entertainment. At a recent gathering of this nature each guest was requested to wear an emblem of his or her particular fad, and to leave, as a memento of the occasion, his autograph and a pen-and-ink sketch of the chosen fad in a blank book designed for the purpose. Among the novelties worn representing the various fads were a miniature bicycle, a tiny tennis racquet, a baseball bat, a golf stick, a small canoe, foreign stamps, a curious poster, a paint brush and palette, a miniture guitar, and a small rake, hoe and shovel.

Prizes were awarded for the most effective sketch and for the poorest one.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics,—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Alfred Austin.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you give date of Tennyson's death? Also sketch of Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England?—G. F., Bryan, O.

Tennyson died Oct. 6, 1892. Alfred Austin was born May 30, 1835. He was graduated from the University of London in 1853, was called to the bar in 1857, and was editor of the National Review for ten years. In 1896 he was appointed poet laureate. He is the author of political books, novels and many volumes of verse. Opinion is divided as to his merits as a poet.

Miss Mulock.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly give a biographical sketch of Dinah Maria Craik, author of John Halifax, Gentleman?—J. R., Waverly, O.

Dinah Maria Craik was best known as Miss Mulock. She was an English novelist, born in 1826, and died in 1887. In her twenty-third year she published her first novel, The Ogilvies. This was followed by two others, but it was with the story of John Halifax, Gentleman, published in 1857, that she gained and retained her reputation as a novelist. This work met with extraordinary prosperity, having been translated into French, German, Italian, Greek and Russian. She published in all about twenty stories, besides a volume of poems and a great number of essays on various subjects. In 1865 she was married to George Lillie Craik. Her work was characterized by optimism, and was noted for simplicity of diction.

Star-Showers.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you give the correct date of those meteoric showers commonly called shooting stars which ocurred some time in the thirties? I have lost track of the year, and have been laughed at when giving my idea.—S. F., Kinderhook, Mich.

A star-shower was seen in the United States Nov. 13, 1833. Another, which had been predicted by Professor Newton, occurred Nov. 14, 1866. A fine display also occurred on the night of Nov. 13, 1868.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please publish a biography of Elizabeth Barret Browning?—I. M. S., Cochranton, Pa.

Mrs. Browning was born in 1806. She early began to write, her first volume, an Essay on Mind and Other Poems, appearing in 1826. The book was published anonymously. As the production of a young lady of 20 it was regarded as a remarkable one; but in after years the author was not well enough satisfied with it to give it place among the collected editions of her poems. Always in feeble health, in 1840 she was brought near the verge of the grave by the rupture of a blood vessel, and having been taken to Devonshire to promote her recovery, there received a severe shock from the drowning of a favorite brother. For several years she was confined to a darkened chamber, and saw only a few of her most intimate friends, but continued to busy herself with study and composition. Her health was at length partially restored, and in 1846 she was married to Mr. Robert Browning, who was already known in the literary world as a poet and dramatist. Their married life resulted in much mutual happiness and help. After their marriage they went to Italy and continued, subsequently to reside for the most part in Florence. The poetry of Mrs. Browning is characterized by much pathos and depth of feeling, combined with vividness and powers of description, and is animated by noble and exalted sentiments. Mrs. Browning died in Florence, June 29, 1861.

Stonewall Jackson.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief sketch of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, of the late civil war. When was he in command of any part of the army? Did he take part in the battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, in July, 1862?—M. A. W., Almond, Ala.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born at Clarksburg, Harrison county, Va., January 21, 1824. He was left a penniless orphan when 3 years of age. Learning of a vacancy from his congressional district in the military academy at West Point, he determined to make the journey to Washington and seek the appointment, and set out at once, traveling a part of the way on foot. He made application before the member of congress from his district in his suit of homespun and with his leather saddlebags over his shoulder. The congressman presented him to the secretary of war, who was so much pleased with the youth's determination that he at once made out his appointment to West Point. He was poorly prepared to enter the academy and barely squeezed through on his entrance examination, but by persevering work he gradually rose in his grade until, in July, 1846, he was graduated in a brilliant class. He immediately reported for duty in Mexico and, serving in the artillery, distinction on every field. He was made first lieutenant at the siege of Vera Cruz, brevetted captain at Chapultepec. In 1851 he was elected professor of natural science and instructor in military tactics in the Virginia military school, at Lexington. However, he lacked "aptness to teach," and was not a great success, but he became one of the most consecrated, active members of the Presbyterian church. From his habit of instructing his own servants in Scripture lessons every Sunday afternoon, grew his famous negro Sunday school, to which he devoted much time and thought. Jackson was a union man, opposed to secession as a remedy for southern wrongs, though thoroughly believing in the abstract right of a state to secede, and greatly deprecated the war which he predicted would follow. When the news that President Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops was received, in a speech before a public meeting Jackson said: "I have longed to preserve the union, and would have been willing to sacrifice much to that end. But now that the north has chosen to inaugurate war against us, I am in favor of meeting her by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard."

Jackson was commissioned colonel in the Virginia forces. Marching the corps of cadets to Richmond, where he remained for a brief season assisting in organizing and drilling the raw recruits in the "camp of instruction," he was ordered to Harper's Ferry, May 3, where, through his skill, he reduced the rabble which had rushed to the front to the respectable Army of the Shenandoah, which he turned over to the command of Gen. J. E. Johnson, May 23. He was placed in command of the Virginia brigade, which afterward became famous, and met the advance of Gen. Patterson at Falling Waters, July 2, giving it a decided check, and captured a number of prisoners. Soon after he received his commission as a brigadier general. It was in the battle of first Manassas (Bull Run) that Jackson won his new name and fame, when Bee remarked: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." After that he was Stonewall Jackson. He was wounded in the hand, but refused to leave the field, and while the surgeons were dressing his wounds President Davis rode on the field, and Jackson, pushing aside the surgeons, tossed his cap in the air and exclaimed: "Hurrah for the president! Give me ten thousand men and I will be in Washington tonight!" Jackson's military fame was well grounded by the extraordinary rapidity of his movements in the Shenandoah campaign of 1862, where he outgeneraled Fremont, Banks and others. He gained the battles of Fort Royal, May 23; Winchester, May 25; Cross Keys, June 8, and Port Republic, June 9. Hastily joining Lee before Richmond, he decided the victory at Gaines' Mills, June 27. August 9, he defeated the federals at Cedar Creek. He was in the second battle of Bull Run, where his bold march ended in the victory over Pope. In the invasion he seized Harper's Ferry, September 15, and commanded the left wing at Antietam. At Fredericksburg, he led the right wing of Lee's army, and at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, his flanking movement around Hooker's right resulted in success. It was in this battle that Jackson was, by mistake, shot by his own men, and died May 10.

Cloudbursts.

Editor Question Bureau: What causes cloudbursts?—C. T., Coalton, W. Va.

Clouds in reality do not burst. What we call a cloudburst is a sudden and violent rainfall, covering a limited territory, and of brief duration. Our inquirer doubtless understands that clouds are bodies of vapor in the atmosphere. The so-called cloudburst is caused by the contact of a warm current of air, surcharged with moisture, with a cold current, the result being swift condensation and the immediate precipitation of the water formed.

Richard Harding Davis.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a sketch of the life of Richard Harding Davis.—G. C. L., Hebron, Neb.

He was born in Philadelphia April 18, 1864. His father was a native of Sandusky, O., but early settled in Philadelphia, and in 1869 became managing editor of the Inquirer. Later he edited the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and published numerous essays, dramatic criticisms, and one novel, The Stranded Ship, in 1869. Richard Harding Davis was educated in private schools in Philadelphia, and after a preparatory training studied for three years at Lehigh university, and for a fourth at Johns Hopkins. He then became reporter on the Philadelphia Record, and later served for two years on the Press. In 1889 he went to England as correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, and upon his return in the fall of that year joined the reportorial staff of the New York Evening Sun. Making the acquaintance of famous crooks and criminals, he wrote up their characters and habits with such faithfulness that their professional careers were at once closed. He also contributed life-like descriptions of police court scenes. Meantime his higher literary ability had been fully demonstrated in the now famous Van Bibber sketches, humorous descriptions of society life in New York City, first contributed to the columns of the Evening Sun, and in various short stories which from time to time appeared in the magazines. In 1892 he became managing editor of Harper's Weekly, and held that position for two years, when he resigned to devote himself exclusively to literary writing. Six months in each year Mr. Davis devotes to travel; and in addition to the material used in his many descriptive articles and books on many quarters of the world, has in hand a vast fund of anecdote and observation from which to furnish the flavor of actuality noticeable in his tales. As a descriptive writer his reputation was established by his reports of the Johnstown flood in 1889, and still further extended by his work on the coronation of Czar Nicholas II. in July, 1896. It has been said of his work that there are no dull pages in his stories. His books have been translated into German, French and Russian. He has also considerable talent as a musician, and has written several songs, both words and music. Mr. Davis' home is at Marion, Mass.

Divisions of the Day.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me the early nations observed the divisions of the day from sunset to sunset, or have they usually reckoned days as beginning at midnight?—J. D., Mancelona, Mich.

The variable length of the natural day at different seasons led in ancient times to the adoption of the civil day as a standard of time. The commencement of the civil day varies in different nations. The Babylonians reckoned it from sunrise to sunrise; the Umbrians from noon to noon; the Romans from midnight to midnight; the Athenians and others from sunset to sunset.

The Manufacture of Ice.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us how ice is manufactured. What is the advantage of the manufactured ice? When and by whom was the process of manufacture first invented?—G. N. S., Buchanan, W. Va.

Manufactured ice is regarded as of greater purity than the natural article from the fact that it is freed from every trace of foreign substance, solid or gaseous. To reduce it to a condition of purity the water is boiled and allowed to settle. It is then distilled, boiled again and run through three kinds of filters. Underneath a middle floor of the freezing room is a series of tanks. These contain a strong solution of brine, and through it run scores of pipes which are charged with liquified ammonia gas. When this chemical leaves the engine room it is in the form of a fluid, but in making the journey along the pipes which thread their way through the brine it evaporates into gas. The evaporating process within absorbs so much heat from the surrounding mass of salt and water that the distilled water in the rectangular ice-cans submerged in the brine is congealed into ice. Each can of distilled water remains in its cold bath about 48 hours. Then by means of a traveling hoist the cans are raised from the tanks; the hoist, traveling forward, drops them for an instant in a well of hot water to loosen the contents, raises them to the door, the cans are uncovered and overturned and out of each slips a steaming cake of ice.

The process and machinery used in the manufacture of ice is largely the invention of John Chester De La Vergne. In 1876 Mr. De La Vergne was induced to give up his produce business in the city of New York to become a partner in a brewery, and while occupied in this devised machinery for refrigeration, which substituted for the method of cooling by ice the use of anhydrous ammonia. These machines consist of three parts—the compression side in which the gas is compressed mechanically, a condensing side, made up of coils of pipe in which the compressed gas circulates, parts with its heat and liquifies; and an expansion side, consisting also of coils of pipe in which the liquified gas re-expands and resumes a gaseous form, and while so re-expanding performs the refrigerating work. The advantage of using the De La Vergne machine in every place where a large cooling apparatus is required was quickly recognized, not only by breweries, and in 1880 the demand for the machines became so great that the inventor gave up the brewing business, and since that time has devoted himself to the manufacture of refrigerating and ice-making plants, making improvements, and expanding the business, until his machines are used in all parts of the world. A few years ago, owing to the demand for them, the capacity of his manufactory in New York became inadequate and a property was purchased on which he has erected the largest manufactory of its kind in the world.

The Roberts Case.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a brief account of the case of Roberts of Utah, and was he given a seat in congress? Who are the senators and congressmen from Utah?—J. J. G., Morgantown, W. Va.

The Bureau can't go into details of the Roberts case. Brigham Henry Roberts was elected to congress in 1898. His election created widespread agitation throughout the country, because of his prominent connection with the Mormon church. January 25, 1900, the house of representatives, by an overwhelming majority, voted to exclude him as constitutionally ineligible, as a polygamist, to a seat in that body.

Reed Smoot and George Sutherland are the present Utah members of the United States senate. Joseph Howell is the state's representative in the lower house of congress, being elected at large.

About Thermometers.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly tell us something about ordinary thermometers, and the principles involved in the changes which they work?—H. S. T., Proctor, Pa.

The fundamental principle of the construction of the barometer is best shown in the experiment which led Torricelli to the first discovery of the presence of the air. A glass tube about 33 inches long, opened at one end, is completely filled with mercury, and, being firmly closed by the thumb, is inverted and placed vertically in a cup containing mercury. When the thumb is removed the mercury sinks in the tube till it stands, generally, about 30 inches above the leve. of the mercury in the cup, leaving in the upper part a space free of air which receives the name of the Torricellian vacuum. The mercury within the tube being less removed from the pressure of the air, while that in the cup is exposed to it, the column falls till the pressure at the section of the hole, in the same plane as the surface of the mercury in the cup, is the same within and without the tube. We have yet no better index of the pressure of the atmosphere than the simple mercurial column of Torricelli, and in all exact observations it is taken as the only reliable standard. Simple as the barometer is, its construction demands considerable care and experience. It is of the first importance that the mercury to be used is chemically pure, otherwise its fluidity is impaired and the inside of the tube becomes coated with impurities in such a way as to render correct observations impossible. Mercury, as usually sold, is not pure; and before being employed for barometers, must be shaken well with highly dilued but pure nitric acid to remove extraneous metals and oxides. In filling the tube, it is essentially necessary to get the column free from air and moisture. To effect this the mercury after filling, is boiled in the tube so that air and moisture may be expelled. Barometers are usually divided into two classes—cistern barometer and siphon barometer. The siphon barometer is in many respects a more perfect instrument than the cistern. The wheel barometer, originally invented by Hook, and generally seen as a parlor ornament, has little to recommend it as a trustworthy instrument. The uses of a barometer are threefold—classified as physical, hypsometrical, and meteorological. It is of essential use in all physical researches where the mechanical, optical, acoustical, and chemical properties of air or other gases are dependent on the pressure of the atmosphere. Its uses in hysometry, or the art of measuring the heights of mountains is very valuable but the best known use of the barometer, is as a meteorological instrument, or as a weather-glass. Opticians have attached to certain heights of the barometer certain states of the weather, and at certain points of the scale the words "Rain," "Changeable," "Fair," etc., are marked; but the connection thus institluted is very misleading. Those who have observed most carefully the connection of barometric heights with changes of the weather, discard entirely the use of these terms, and state that it is not the actual height of the barometer at any place, but this height as compared with that of surrounding regions, which indicates the coming weather. Generally speaking, a falling barometer indicates rain, a rising barometer, fair weather. A steady barometer foretells the continuance of the weather at the time; when low this is generally broken or bad, and when high, fair. A sudden fall usually preceeds a storm, the violence of which is in proportion to the barometric gradient. An unsteady barometer shows an unsettled state of weather; gradual changes the approach of some permanent condition of it. The variations must also be interpreted with reference to the prevailing winds, each different wind having some leading rules. The connection between the changes of weather and the pressure of the atmosphere is by no means well understood.

Miscellaneous.

D. V. T., Homeworth, O.: If such a method of preserving ice as you mention has been invented, we have not heard of it.

A. P. T., Vienna, O.: Write to the superintendent of the Soldiers' home for the information you want.

H. C., West Branch, Mich.: The Bureau can tell you nothing concerning the lynching about which you ask. Without definite dates, hunting through our files for an account of it would be a tedious task we have not the time to undertake.

F. S. R., Arlington, Neb.: The illiterate population of Nebraska is 7,388; of West Virginia, 32,066.

J. H., Anoka Minn.: The Bureau cannot comply with your request. We do not discuss subjects for readers or prepare papers or essays for them.

P. L. J., Vesta, N. C.: The late civil war was the principal cause of our national debt.

I Can Cure Cancer

At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can Be Cured at Home. No Pain. No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing remedy for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful c

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

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There doesn't seem to be enough good apples this year to cover the top of the barrel.

Probably you haven't noticed it, but according to reports, lobsters are rapidly becoming extinct.

Of course anything that Mr. Taft promises the Filipinos is contingent upon their disposition to be good.

The scientists have got the thing down so fine that they can tell all about an earthquake after it has happened.

Who knows but the Louisiana bears drew straws to decide which one should go out and get shot by the President?

Three thousand people greeted Miss Helen Gould at Decatur, Ill. And Miss Gould is not running for office, either.

It is not probable that there will be anything in the next message to congress about hunting bears in Louisiana.

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to be tired of receiving suggestions as to what she should do with her money. How ungrateful!

Former Congressman Grosvenor did not change his views on the tariff while in Europe. He didn't go there for that purpose.

While we may admire big things, more or less, the place to draw the line would seem to be at giant powder explosions.

The physician who says "high prices are healthy for the people" is an optimist worth having around when one is sick.

One physician declares that lazy people are really sick. By the way, only lazy people feel that they have the time to be sick.

We must give Mr. Bryan credit for one thing. He has never come out with the declaration that he doesn't like politics.

Wherever two or three Democrats are gathered together in convention they can always find something to view with alarm.

In asking women to ignore the dictates of fashion, Miss Jane Addams will have some difficulty in convincing them that she really means it.

"Any woman can marry any man she wants," declares Gertrude Atherton. There, mere man, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Notwithstanding Indian summer was invented before we knew much about the germ theory, the inventor seems to have known his business.

Mr. Bryan has been in big politics eleven years, and in all that time he hasn't had a single year in which he lost money in the business.

An Indiana girl has publicly announced that she has no intention of marrying. Reason for making the announcement: She is worth $100,000.

The prophet who predicts an earthquake and then discovers that it is a powder mill explosion must feel like giving up prophesying.

There is a call for an increase in subscriptions to missions. Slowly we are getting away from the old-fashioned idea that salvation is free.

Mr. Harriman may be more than half right when he says that there is too much money tied up where the general run of the public can't get at it.

The Hague peace delegates have established a grand record for other peace delegates to aim at. They sat at 200 banquets, and not a man fell from the ranks.

The full number of awards made by the Carnegie hero commission is 126. Which, considering that this is the "home of the brave," doesn't seem large.

It appears that Mamma Vanderbilt selected the duke with the hay fever name, and that she has had to call in all her reserve powers to avoid making a mess of it.

When the private citizen goes hunting and comes home without any game the public doesn't know it. But it's different with the President—everybody is looking.

The prune is being accused of causing baldness. If there is any of that so-called under-dog sentiment left in the people the prune is certainly entitled to a share of it.

Ex-Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, says the cow is "the foster mother of three-quarters of the babies of the country." But isn't the nanny-goat also entitled to some credit?

According to the Houston Post, all red-headed Texas widows are busy getting married. In its joy, the morbid thought that every red-headed widow represents a dead man, seems not to have occurred to the Post.

John C. Busby, "C. P. M., athlete, weather prophet and astronomer," of Independence, Ia., has forwarded The Blade his prediction for the coming winter. He says: "Tell the good people to get ready for a long, cold, hard winter." He adds: "Here is my picture and a true snake story." But that is neither here nor there. John C. Busby is the rightful successor to the goosebone prophet, and we hail him as such.

A BELATED TRIBUTE.

Commenting on the recent dedication of the McKinley memorial at Canton, the Florida Times-Union says:

Among ourselves, William McKinley was always a peacemaker in civil life, however capable and efficient as a soldier. But why has his own party ignored his teachings and his example? Why did the man whose life stood for so much that was admirable leave nothing behind him of value to his own party? Why is it that even at his grave the admiration of the present leaders of his party seem constrained by the consciousness that they cannot commend McKinley without condemning themselves? If he was "inspired" at Buffalo, and that inspiration glows in the marble placed at his grave, why does not that light guide the steps of those who come after and would gladly claim credit as heirs of his purposes and adherents of his policies?

Roosevelt says he would consent to ask a third term if by so doing he could break the solid south. We answer that McKinley could have done so without the shadow of a doubt.

It is a sad comemntary on human frailty that we do not fully appreciate the value of a man's services to society until he is dead. William McKinley had risen to the heights of true statesmanship long before he laid down his life's work, and yet neither the Florida Times-Union nor any other Democratic newspaper acknowledged the unselfishness of his patriotism nor recognized the grandeur of his soul.

And the Times-Union errs when it says that the "admiration of the present leaders of his party seem constrained by the consciousness that they cannot commend McKinley without condemning themselves." It is the judgment of most American citizens, without regard to section, that President Roosevelt has been faithful to the pledge he made that he would carry out the policies of his distinguished predecessor. It is the judgment of most of us that were McKinley to return in the flesh, he would not only bear testimony to the fidelity of President Roosevelt, but place the seal of his approval on those policies growing out of conditions that have since arisen and that could not be foreseen in his time.

In his speech dedicating the monument at Canton, President Roosevelt aptly applied McKinley's well-known views of justice to present affairs, and drew therefrom a wholesome lesson which it would be well for all to learn. But the President, while appreciating the solemnity of the occasion, was there, not as an apologist nor as one under "constraint," but as one who believed that the inspiration of McKinley's life should not be buried in the splendid mausoleum at Canton. And they who were present and heard the President's remarks, gained comfort and courage therefrom.

PROGRESS IN PANAMA.

John Y. Boice, United States attorney for the first district of Alaska, prophesies that ships will be passing through the Panama canal within five years, basing his prediction on a personal survey of the work. He visited the Isthmus for the first time some thirty years ago, and his observations then of the obstacles encountered by the French have made him since skeptical of American success.

But in an interview published in the New York Tribune, Mr. Boice is an optimist among optimists. He declares that the government has made marvelous progress not only in the actual task of canal construction, but in the preparations for the work. He found sanitary conditions as favorable as they are in this country, although on the occasion of his prior visit fever and malaria seriously impeded the work of the Frenchmen. He found the men energetic and enthusiastic as if they fully appreciated the national character of the project and gloried in the fact that they were privileged to participate in it. And this morale he attributes to the influence of President Roosevelt's visit.

Referring to the actual labor performed, Mr. Boice says that over 12,000,000 cubic feet of earth were removed from January to September. That is equivalent to digging a canal 60 feet wide, 27 feet deep and 40 miles long, and tells a story of great achievement.

This citizen went to the Isthmus a pessimist, and returned convinced that the undertaking is not a visionary scheme, involving the useless expenditure of the national funds and a criminal sacrifice of human lives. Such testimony is worth more than the lurid statements of all the Poultney Bigelows, and is valuable in assuring the people that the canal has passed the uncertain and experimental stage.

TAFT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Secretary Taft's address to the Filipino assembly was such a talk as any guest might have very properly made. He did not pretend to speak for the administration nor assume to map out a policy which the members should follow. The American newspapers in the islands criticise him, because he was not more explicit, but they should have assumed that the secretary understands his business.

Two things he sought to impress on the people; one, that this government has no intention of selling, and the other, that they are far from being suitably equipped for self-government.

Ever since the islands came into possession of the United States insidious efforts have been made to fill the islanders with the idea that our occupation is only temporary and that in due course of time we would dispose of them to Japan. Unfortunately the Filipinos bear hatred for the Japanese and this fact has no doubt greatly aided the conspirators in their campaign to foment discontent. Secretary Taft sought to reassure the people and to allay their fears excited by this canard and if he has accomplished it only in a measure, good results should follow. And it is no less important to be frank with the Filipinos in the matter of self-government. A few of the better educated and more intelligent appreciate the situation to a nicety. But the uneducated are in the majority, and they cannot know. They are constantly being importuned by unscrupulous politicians to demand their independence and it requires the most adroit diplomacy to hold them in check.

The government is relying largely upon the loyalty of the American teachers and on the fidelity of their native assistants to keep the Filipinos in a contented frame of mind. There are less than a thousand of the former, but more than six thousand of the latter, and this little self-sacrificing army is planting good seed.

The presence of Secretary Taft is flattering to the assembly, sustaining to the American officials and the corps of teachers. His knowledge of the islands and the Filipino character, and his familiarity with the program of the administration enable him to judge of conditions and how best to meet them. There is little question that his visit was well-timed and that it will have a soothing effect on the restless islanders.

DUTY AND EXPEDIENCY.

Had President Roosevelt given a ready ear to the protests of the politicians in his own party; had he listened to the voice of expediency and not the call of duty, his administration would not now be prosecuting lawless corporations nor fighting corruption in high places. But the opportunity was there; the need was there. And fortunately for the nation, the man appeared who knew the need and seized the opportunity, while the politicians cried aloud that he was killing his party and ruining the country.

President Roosevelt declared for equal opportunities for all and for the enforcement of the laws, however humble or however exalted the lawbreaker.

The people over whom he sits as chief magistrate approve and the party for whose principles he stands is stronger than ever before in popular esteem.

Whenever a candidate, mapping out a plan of campaign, finds a conflict between his conscience and the views of politicians, he can made no mistake if he follows the former and ignores the latter. If he chooses the alternative, his heart is not in the fight, and he carries a heavy handicap; whereas if he does what he believes to be right, even defeat is not bitter, while victory is glorious.

HONEST AND PATRIOTIC.

Ex-Senator Edmunds, the venerable and revered statesman of Vermont, has no patience with those people who persist in crediting President Roosevelt with a scheme to capture a renomination. "The President is too patriotic and too honest," declares Mr. Edmunds, "to establish so dangerous a precedent."

Fortunately those who hold the opposite view are few in number. Nothing that the President has said or done can be construed to mean a bid for a renomination unless, indeed, his persistence in advocating policies that are deservedly popular can be so interpreted.

Because he does not issue a daily bulletin of denial is not proof of his insincerity, but rather evidence that he deems such action unnecessary in view of the positive stand he took on the night of election, and also that he believes the people have not lost their trust in him.

THE TRAGEDY OF FONTANET.

The terrible accident at Fontanet, Ind., caused by the explosion of large quantities of powder, has aroused the sympathy of the country.

A town of 1,000 inhabitants was practically wiped off the map, scores of human beings killed and hundreds of others frightfully mangled.

Property within a large radius suffered severely, while the shock was felt in communities 200 miles distant from the scene of the explosion.

It may be that such wholesale tragedies are unavoidable. We can only theorize on the cause of the accident, for if there were any employes who were forewarned they are not alive to give their testimony. But it is not generally regarded as attributable to negligence or carelessness on the part of the workmen. Whether or not the plant was equipped and operated in a way to minimize the danger is yet to be determined.

But, admitting that it is necessary as a feature of powder manufacture to store as large a quantity as 40,000 kegs at a time, the lesson of the Fontanet catastrophe should teach the authorities that powder plants should be located at a safe distance from any community, and then there should be a law limiting the amount stored in any one place to a point of comparative security. Had there been several magazines stationed miles apart no such calamity as that which has been visited on Fontanet could have occurred.

THE LOSS OF THE CYPRUS.

The terrible accident on Lake Superior whereby the big steamer Cyprus was sunk and all but one of her crew drowned will revive discussion as to the construction of the big lake carriers. The Cyprus was a new ship, the voyage that ended so tragically being her second trip. She was especially designed for carrying ore and equipped with the most modern machinery. Yet, in a comparatively moderate storm, she sunk like a piece of lead and her crew had no opportunity to escape.

It is claimed that the captain neglected to cover the open hatchways with the tarpaulin provided for that purpose and that in the rolling sea the ship took in a good deal of water. That may have been a contributing cause, but the testimony of a captain who sighted the Cyprus is to the effect that she left a streak of rust in her wake, showing, beyond question, that some of her plates had sprung.

If this is true the primary cause of the accident becomes apparent, although this raises the doubt whether the Cyprus had previously struck a rock and become disabled, or whether there was a material defect in the steel construction. The recent acitation in transportation circles, following an assertion that there are many flaws in steel rails, lends plausibility to the theory that some of the steel plates used in the Cyprus may have been imperfect.

But, conjecture aside, we must acknowledge that the season when lake vessels encounter innumerable perils is at hand and we are constrained to the opinion that commercial interests take extraordinarily long chances for the sake of utilizing the maximum advantage of lake transportation. We are still a month away from the close of navigation.

MR. BRYAN, HOTFOOT.

The latest news at the national capital concerning William Jennings Bryan is that he has concluded to take the Democratic nomination for president and will next year make his third attempt to land in the White House. The formal announcement will not be forthcoming until after the November elections, Mr. Bryan possibly desiring to analyze the vote before finally committing himself.

This statement will cause little surprise for the reason that the people of the United States are pretty well acquainted with Mr. Bryan. They know that he is filled with a gnawing ambition to be their president, and that this ambition has not diminished because of two defeats. They know he is ready to drop any issue that fails to enthuse the people, or surrender any principle that the people cannot embrace, if by so doing he can secure the votes.

Mr. Bryan was not a candidate in 1904 because, even though wrapped in his own egotism, he could not help seeing that the citizens of this country were determined to have more of Roosevelt. He was quite willing, therefore, that the conservative wing of Democracy should bear the brunt of the battle, judging that its defeat would so discourage it as to give the radicals absolute control of the situation in 1908. And that looks to be the exact situation. Mr. Bryan can go into the next Democratic convention and dominate its action absolutely.

He will be the candidate and he will make a platform largely of the "I told you so" order. He will pick the popular Roosevelt policies and endeavor to show the people they are stolen property and that he is their real owner. He will talk of the iniquities, not of a protective tariff, but of the protective tariff under which we are operating, and he will demand a horizontal reduction. He will say nothing of his double-decked government ownership plan, on the plea that the country is not ready for it, but really because it was not given the reception he thought it would. He has been digging industriously for issues ever since 1904, and has not found one. So he will sugarcoat his former heresies and try to make the people swallow them.

Mr. Bryan expresses his belief that the president will not again be a candidate, but that Secretary Taft will be nominated by the Republican convention. He thinks he can defeat Taft and at the same time break the public confidence in President Roosevelt by accusing the latter of forcing Taft on the people. He is keeping his weather eye on financial conditions and sees clouds that fill him with joy. If only the country were plunged in a panic, victory would be assured him.

And we think Mr. Bryan has made one good guess. All the signs point to Taft's nomination, not because President Roosevelt is for Taft, but because the great mapority of Republicans want him. He has made a record that needs no defense and it is a record that entitles him to the nomination. The people are daily demonstrating their approval of the President's policies, and they know that Taft has been an important factor in framing them. They know these policies are yet in an uncompleted state and that Taft is well equipped to take up the work at the moment the President retires.

And all the sophistries Mr. Bryan can marshal will not convince the people otherwise.

REPAIRING THE PUMP.

When Rudyard Kipling advises us to "pump in emigrants; pump them in," as a preventive to the yellow peril, one is inclined to smile.

We have been pumping them in at the rate of more than a million a year and we find that with the desirable element there is a lot of bilge water quite as offensive as, or more so than, the "yellow peril." It is now the government's aim to reduce the pumping process until we can find the source of, and cut off, this bilge water. European anarchists and criminals are worse than Chinese and Japanese coolies, for the latter segregate themselves, while the former settle in respectable and law-abiding communities, to the great detriment of society.

There are unquestionably millions of honest, hardworking foreigners who would be glad enough of an opportunity to locate in this land of liberty, but their governments discourage any movement calculated to allure them from their native heath.

Out of the investigation which is now being made of our immigrant laws there may be evolved a plan which will furnish the pleading south and other industrial sections that now complain of a scarcity of labor an influx of Europeans who will adapt themselves to our customs and learn to love and respect our institutions.

Of that class we already have many, and we cannot have too many.

EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Dr. David J. Doherty, of Manila, has furnished the Boston Transcript an interesting account of educational affairs in the Philippines. He claims that splendid progress is being made in the face of discouraging conditions and he attributes the success of the movement largely to the enthusiasm of the Filipino teachers, of whom there are over 6,000.

Dr. Doherty declares that the Filipinos are looking forward to the day when they will be allowed to govern themselves, and while that day is still far distant, he thinks its coming is inevitable.

More than four billion collar buttons were manufactured in this country last year. At least half of that number will, at some time or other, roll under the dresser.

Now comes a Berlin doctor and says the decay of the human race is imminent. Say, if we listened to the doctors and scientists we could be unhappy all the time.

There are times when it seems like a shame to spoil nice October weather by discussing politics.

Some women regard divorce as a sin, some speak of it as a blessing, and others use it as a threat.

The most strenuous enemies of parcels post ar the persons who can't use it in their business.

Reports show that during the last fiscal year Indiana distilled twenty-seven million (hic) gallons.

The only original plan left for a trip to the North Pole is to walk. All others have either been tried or proposed.

"The republic is tottering to its fall," declares Governor Vardaman. That's the way defeated candidates usually feel about it.

These beautiful frosty mornings are just the thing in the way of weather when it comes to the joy of turning over and going to sleep again.

The young son of Mrs. Chadwick has made a strong plea for the admiration of the public by coming out and saying a good word for his mother.

OTHER PEOPLE'S REMEDIES

Of magical methods used to cure disease a writer in the Scientific American says: "Powerful aid is believed to be rendered by the various gods and godesses in China, India, Java, Korea and other countries in exorcising disease. The Hindoo goddess who has a superintending power over smallpox, for example, was approached with solemn ceremonies and presents to propitate her. She was represented as standing with two uplifted fingers, threatening to strike on the right and left. Before her was a band of the executors of her vengeance, two of them with red, grinning masks, black shields and naked scimiters. White lines, like rays, issued from the bodies of the others, to indicate infection. On the right was a group of men with spotted bodies afflicted with the malady; bells were hung at their cinctures and a few of them waved black feathers. These were preceded by musicians with drums, who supplicated the pity of the furious deity.

"From behind her advanced a bevy of smiling young women, gracefully carrying on their heads baskets with thanksgiving offerings, in gratitude for their lives and beauty having been spared. A little boy with a bell at his girdle conveyed something emblematic of inoculation from the arm of the goddess. By such means and humble intercession the benign goddess gradually stayed her fury, and the diseased were thus made whole, or were at least supposed to be cured, which appears to have answered just as well. In Java some idols are provided with bells for calling the attention of the god and goddess to the need of their exercising sacred powers in behalf of the sick and unfortunate.

"Akin to this blind faith is the credulity of some classes of Japanese, whose doctors know very little more of anatomy and physiology than the patients themselves, and for purposes of diagnosis they rely mainly on the pulse. Three pulses are found to be in each wrist, they explain, viz., the heart, controlling the right upper pulse; the lungs, the left upper pulse; the stomach, the right middle pulse; the liver, the left middle pulse; the right kidney, the right lower pulse; and the left kidney, the left lower pulse. Thus, by careful examination of the six pulses, the doctor at once discovers what is the matter with the patient and proceeds in his own way to effect a cure.

"In Korea and among the North American Indians images are made out of various materials, each kind having peculiar power over some special form of disease. Thus, the Zuni Indian makes a clay image to represent a mountain lion, and the spirit of that animal, which is guardian of the northwest and the master of the gods of the hunt, comes to dwell on that object, protecting the owner from injury by accident and helping him to success in the chase. A Korean sorcerer's image, stuffed and covered with buckskin is used to avert calamity and death."

SAVED BY RAISULI.

Last autumn Mrs. Frances Campbell and Mrs. Mansell-Pleydell made an adventurous trip in Morocco from Tangier to Fez and return. How they were attacked by bandits when almost safe at Tangier and were rescued by Raisuli's men, is here told by Mrs. Campbell:

"From behind a great rock came a huge fellow in brown jellab, followed by some eight others, all carrying guns. They demaned toll, or that we should instantly follow them. Both these requests Bohelli refused, whereupon the leader of the party made for him. Absolam instantly tripped the tall fellow up, and there was chaos, shouting and cursing and bellowing such as surely had never been heard since Joshua, son of Nun, drove forth the habitants from Canaan into Morocco. In the midst of all the clamor and fury I saw an old man steal out from a rock and lay hands on the brown mule and turn its head uphill again. I saw he was unarmed and alone, and remembering that the brown mule carried all the gifts we had brought so far, my soul revolted at the thought of losing them. I made after him, struck him across the face, and bit the mule hard anywhere I could reach; he turned on the narrow edge and ran back, Kathleen struck him as he went past her, and as one mule always follows the other, the whole train broke away and went after him by different tracks, we following at a break-neck pace, as if we were going across country, ignoring the sheer falls and the awful jumps, the pitfalls and loose bowlders.

"Hassan saw us go and shouted to the others. Fighting all the way, they followed us, dodging from one rock to another, now rolling head over heels downward, locked in the enemy's arms with a gun at explosion point every inch of the path, now closing in and wrestling. I had always wondered what it felt to be under fire. The first bullet went past my ear—'P—ing,' a distinct song, long drawn out on a fine high note. My spine turned to water and I seemed to freeze on the saddle. I dropped the reins. I picked them up after the second bullet, as Kathleen was remarking in a thin, tremulous voice that 'the Moors are such bad shots, and they are not firing at us, anyway. It was merely powder play, or they wanted to sop te mules. I said I didn't mind what it was, so long as they went on missin gus, and a bullet flattened itself against a rock not an inch from Kathleen's head.

"We had almost given it up when there was a rush upward on the path and the shooting stopped. By that time we had almost reached the foot of the mountain, but were on a very bad bit of road. We shivered and looked at each other, wondering what fresh calamity this might be. But it was only Raisuli's men coming to the rescue. They herded the mules together and drove them down on the plain, after an ineffectual search for the flying Anjhera. We bound up Hassan's head and Absolam's leg, both of which had suffered severely in the fight, and resumed our normal course. Three hours after we were in Tangier.

MOTORING AND MORALS.

But the auto may soon bring about a different state of things. Inkeepers run upon by motorists say that the rapid pace at which the latter go coarsens their fibre and roughens their tastes and manners. A hardened motorist thinks no more of squashing to death a child or a peasant who has presumed to get in his way than he might a pig or a fowl. He alights dead-beaten, hungry as a wolf, sleepy, out of sorts from la bugeotte or the nervous stress that furious driving and the tremon of the auto induce. A female (femelle) suits better an abruti of this sort than a refined lady, and he finds her in the companions of his rush over the high roads. She is sufficiently abrutie to be his match in cross-tefper and coarseness. The landlady of a much-frequented inn in a village in the forest, and who long served as confectionery cook in great houses, tells me that the talk in which motoring pairs of the best standing indulge often makes her blush for them. It would be thought coarse in a guardroom. Both are too tired to be at any pains to be mutually agreeable or even civil, much less to indulge in pretty little speeches and gentillees reparties, which used to be the small coin of excursionists who had run for a few days incognito to the country. When the motorist and "sa femelle" have devoured cuts from an underdone roast joint, or a chateaubriand—the favorite plats—he wants, without delay to sleep off his fatigue. A lady who motors much loses all desire to se faire belle. Perhaps in the long run this may prove a blessing.—Paris Correspondent of London Times.

WITH INTENT OR NOT?

She lives on Emerson street; he lives a few blocks further east. She had a birthday recently, and he gave her a fine hand mirror as a present. She was delighted.

"I'm glad you like it," he said. "Think of me once in a while when you use it, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I'll think of you every time I use it."

"Oh," he said, "you don't have to think of me all the time."

Somehow or other she didn't quite like that reply.—Denver Post.

VARIETIES

Of persons stricken with insanity about one-third recover.

The fan exports of China amount to $11,000,000 a year.

The Emperor of Japan has 30 physicians and 60 priests.

In Hungary traveling is as cheap as three miles for a cent.

European military engineers are working on a form of automobile to draw artillery.

Americans in Manila dissatisfied with Taft's speech at the opening of the assembly.

Hague delegates, scared of Friday hoodo, decide to postpone adjournment till Saturday.

The professor of chemistry and physics at the University of Berne is a woman only 20 years old.

Secretary Wilson said American workingmen of today live better than did Queen Elizabeth.

Cape Colony is developing into a wine country. It has 20,000 acres of vineyards and 60,000,000 vines.

Helen Varick Roswell has been selected to start a string of women's clubs on the Isthmus of Panama.

Railway engines which were built in England over fifty years ago are still in use on the Swedish lines.

The bicycle craze has at last reached the Mexican city of Vera Cruz. There is also a motor cycle in town.

A Japanese electrician has invented a wireless system which is asserted to be superior to anything now in use.

While a Chailey (England) laborer was in the act of yawning a wasp entered his mouth and stung his tongue.

Baptist ministers of Illinois in state convention adopt a resolution urging increase of the salaries of ministers.

Michigan women's clubs began contest over babies the body mothering the most in a year to receive prize.

President Allen, of Aurora college, will eat nothing but peanuts for sixty days to vindicate "goober" as ideal food.

Passengers on the Pacific mail steamer Korea, from San Francisco to Honolulu, saw English sparrows 250 miles at sea.

At Morristown, N. J., thieves discovered by telephone that A. R. Whitney was away from home and robbed his house.

University statistics of Europe seem to indicate that men are deserting the practice of medicine and women are taking it up.

Miss Jane Addams appeals to members of Illinois women's clubs for industrial education for the consumer and the workman.

Injunction stopping the Wisconsin attorney general's investigation of alleged franchise grabbing in Milwaukee is dissolved by the court.

Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs decides to wage war on house flies and mosquitoes and to take action for beautifying the state.

Abolition of the canteen at soldiers' homes is said to be a great mistake by J. M. Halley, Wisconsin member of national board of managers.

Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews declares in an address at the George Washington university that libelers of public men should be hanged.

The London Daily Mail notes that a Swiss village has been decorated with flags in honor of a hen that has laid her thousandeth egg.

Bidding for next Republican national convention open to any city having hall which will seat 10,000 persons and fund of $100,000 to spare.

The Nova Scotia government has appointed a commission to examine into and report on the feasibility of old-age pensions for workmen.

State Federation of Labor at its convention in Rockford advocates reform measures, but balks at a resolution urging the passage of a prohibition law.

Wall street shocked by crash of Heinze copper corner, suspension of firm and Butte bank, and resignation of copper king from Mercantile bank.

In the Province of Pampanga, Philippine Islands, Bishop Oldham (Methodist) has made a record this summer by dedicating eight mission chapels within six days.

A woman 71 years old, accused at Feltham, England, of intoxication and disorderly conduct, said she had been "keeping up" her mother's birthday. Her mother was 98.

Illinois Federation of Labor in its annual convention defeats plant to organize an independent political party and decides to hold to its present policy of work through the old parties.

The cloud formation known as "mare's tails" and "mackerel sky" are invariably three miles high. The highest clouds are ten miles high and these are composed of minute particles of ice.

A monument has been erected to Anna Holzel in the Schlossgarten, at Mannheim, Germany. She was the wife of a carpenter, who in 1784 saved the poet Schiller from a debtor's prison.

The last friend of Byron, the poet, has just died at Darlinghurst, New South Wales. She was Mrs. Catherine Crummer, the widow of a Waterloo veteran, and was 98 years of age.

The Pilgrim Congregational church, near London, founded in 1616, is the oldest of the denominations in the empire, and it was from it that the London contingent of the men of the Mayflower was recruited.

More patents were issued during 1906 and more money collected by the United States patent office than in any single year previously, with the exception of 1905, since the establishment of the patent office in 1836.

There is to be an underground railway across busy, crowded Tokio. The distance is to be 12 miles and the cost of construction will not be less than $625,000 a mile. The railway company will have $87,500,000 capital.

In Belgium girls are expected to give five weeks out of each school year to learning housework. The girl is required to know not only how to cook a dinner, but to clean up and care for a kitchen, do marketing, wash and iron.

The ancient city of Lyons, the third city in France, with a population of 500,000, vies with Milan in importance in the world's silk industry. No fewer than 40,000 people—men, women and children—are employed in the factories.

A learned man of London, in attacking the recurring ambidexterity craze, says that this accomplishment is quite common among idiots, and that it is quite natural that well-balanced persons should use one limb more than the other.

In a recent single issue of the New York Herald, among the "personal" advertisements, were 70 which asked information about the present whereabouts of certain persons, some of whom have been absentees for more than half a century.

Consul Thomas H. Norton, of Chemnitz, states that the spread of department stores has been relatively much slower in Germany than in the United States, and they have awakened a much more bitter animosity on the part of many of the smaller dealers.

King Alfonso of Spain is very fond of the sea. He and Queen Victoria Eugenie find one of their greatest pleasures at San Sebastian in the long daily swim. Both are perfectly at home in the water the young queen having early acquired the art of swimming in Solent waters.

It is now fourteen years since an appropriation of $10,000 was made for experiments with the project of rural free delivery. As recently as ten years ago the appropriation for this new service amounted to only $40,000; last year it was more than $35,000,000, while this year rural free delivery will cost $37,000,000.

James M. Vibberts, of Wethersfield, Conn., the oldest baggagemaster in America, has resigned because of rheumatism. He is 87 years old and has been baggagemaster on the Valley division of the New Haven line since it started, running the first train in 1871. He gets a pension and a free pass.

It is reported, writes Consul G. H. Scidmore, of Nagasaki, that extensive work on the sea walls and in dredging to a depth of 35 feet as Sasebo, to be completed in 1900, will increase the facilities of that Japanese port so that at least six large battleships can anchor within the harbor, and vessels may load and discharge alongside the stone walls.

According to a recent book of references, Washington has 78 public statues, New York 76, Boston 36, Philadelphia 30, and Chicago possibly 20. It is said that the total number of public statues in the country is 533. It is not stated whether these figures refer solely to portrait statues, but presumably they do, for American cities have few ideal statues and still fewer fountains.

Iowa has a comparatively new law requiring public school teachers to undergo state examinations, apparently to be annual. Within the last few days over 100,000 examination papers submitted by 9,000 teachers have been in process of reading and marking by some 130 teachers of known ability, who have been doing the work in the state house. It is said that about 25 per cent of the teachers or aspirants to be teachers will have failed. The law was passed for the purpose of raising the grade of the teachers, and the standard required in examination will be made more severe from year to year.

Machine Reads the Mind

The Harvard professor of psychology probed to the very recesses of the convict's brain, and used for his startling researches perhaps the most remarkable scientific instrument ever devised—the chronoscope.

The use of this instrument on an actual criminal in connection with a murder trial marks an epoch in legal history, the final development of which may substitute this mute, inexorable revealer of the inside of a man's or a woman's brain for judge, jury, district attorney and police inquisitor alike.

Scientists, and even some of the more advanced among the great lawyers in New York were today of the opinion that the chronoscope, now only in the first stages of its perfection, would before long be evolved into something resembling a diver's helmet, which, fitted over the criminal's head, would become the microscope of the mind.

Imagine the use to which a perfected chronoscope will be put—indeed, can now be put. Suppose the suspect arrested in connection with a mysterious murder, like the Tavshanjian crime. No police "third degree," but an absolute certain decision, by the application of the chronoscope, will declare whether or not the man is guilty.

The chronoscope is affixed. Two little metal bits are placed, one in the mouth of the inquisitor, the other in that of the suspect. A dial, divided into the thousandth part of a second, is in electric contact with the bits, and then a single word is spoken by the inquisitor.

The prisoner is told to speak, in reply, the first word that comes to his mind in response. The time this takes is recorded on the dial. If the prisoner refuses to speak it is a confession of guilt. If he replies his guilt or innocence can be surely proved. For other words follow, and the time of answering ideas is taken. Then, when the inquisitor, taking the suspect unawares, pronounces "trunk" there comes the crucial test.

If guilty, the suspect will seek to put the inquisitor off the track and may answer "strap," "leather," "railroad," or something else of a similar nature. But in his brain the word "trunk" has suggested the idea of the dead body within it. He must think of two things, instead of one. That takes time, and the inexorable dial with its indicator will show what has occurred.

In Prof. Munsterberg's article in the current number of McClure's, he tells of applying the chronoscope in the case of Harry Orchard in his cell in the jail at Boise. Prof. Munsterberg called out in succession 50 words. Orchard lent himself to the researches and replied with the first answering word that came to his mind.

The first word spoken by Prof. Munsterberg was "river." Orchard answered "water." Then "ox" and the answer was "yoke," then "mountain" and he said "hill," then "tobacco," and the reply was "pipe."

All this while Orchard did not know that the time taken for him to reply was being registered. The time averaged seven-tenths of a second. Then Prof. Munsterberg proceeded to put test words such as "confession," "revolver," "religion," "jury," "death," "blood," "prayer" and "railroad." "Blood" suggested 'knife" to Orchard, and the other words similar significant replies, but there was no hesitation. The case was now exhaustive, and the inference was that Orchard had reached the point where, by reason of much rehearsal, he believed his own confession.

A more interesting experiment even than that with Orchard was one conducted with an educated young man of whom his uncle suspected of thievery. The young man was taken to a psychologist on the pretense of having a slight nervous affection diagnosed and treated. He submitted to the ordeal of the chronoscope.

Among 100 words spoken to the youth there were hidden a number which would have a vital bearing on his guilt, if he were guilty. After a number of inconsequential words had been spoken with measured interval of time averaging three and six-tenths seconds, the psychologist pronounced "thief."

The boy answered "burglar," and the suggested association was quite natural. But the elapsed time for the suggested idea was four and six-tenths seconds. Then after more inconsequential words had been pronounced, the word "police" came, three and six-tenths seconds to suggest "theft," and "jail" took four and two-tenths second before the lad said "penitentiary."

The physician then told the boy that he had stolen. The lad denied this vigorously. Then the physician told him of the points that had been revealed by the chronoscope—how he had bought a watch with some of the stolen money and gave it to his sister, and he confessed all who is the truth.

With the chronoscope the witness can be examined in simple fashion and with an exceedingly short time. The chronoscope would inevitably tell whether he was lying or not. Discrepancies in detail would stand forth glaringly with the test of the chronoscope applied.

"The time will come," says Prof. Munsterberg in the article, "when the methods of experimental psychology can no longer be excluded from the court of law.

"The vulgar ordeals of the 'third degree' in every form belong to the Middle Ages. The methods of experimental psychology are working in the spirit of the twentieth century. The 'third degree' may brutalize the mind and force either correct or falsified secrets to light. The time-measurement of mental associations is swifter and cleaner, more scientific, more humane and more reliable in bringing out the truth which justice demands."—New York Journal.

Brave Acts of Humble Heroes

Some Thrilling Rescues Made by Men Who Brave Death as a Matter of Course.

On April 30, 1906, Jacob Flyter was directing the work of four Italian laborers at the end of a tunnel 51 feet below the surface of the Milwaukee river, at Milwaukee. The five men were working in a compressed air chamber, beyond a steel bulkhead, driving the tunnel through the hard pan beneath the river bottom.

The only light in the chamber shone dimly from a few incandescent lamps swung from the dripping walls. The air was cold, and ahead the treacherous wall of mud lowered before them, held in sullen restraint only by the force of the compressed air around them. A slight drop in the pressure of the air would bring down upon them a rush of water, from which they might escape by instant flight, but in which, more likely—the chances were 100 to 1—they would be overwhelmed in a slimy death by suffocation.

As the men worked suddenly such a death seemed to threaten them. A spurt of water from the mud ahead sputtered and swished around them, rising quickly to their knees. Panic seized the laborers and they ran for their lives. Hurling themselves at the door of the chamber, they dashed it open and rushed for the shaft beyond that led to safety.

All but the foreman, Flyter. Before he realized the situation his men were gone and had slammed the door behind them. The waters kept on rising and the wall of black mud began to belch forward toward him.

He tugged at the door. It was too late. The pressure of the air that had been designed to protect him now held the door securely locked. He looked back and stood face to face with death. From the face of the wall of hard pan spurted fine jets of water that ran to his feet and swirled about his ankles, climbed to his knees, passed his thighs and waist.

He beat at the door and strained to open it. It was useless. He was imprisoned, alone, and facing one hideous certainty—that these waters around him would continue to rise, inch by inch, to his chest, his neck, his lips, his head. He screamed in an agony of terror at the horror of it.

When the laborers came scrambling out of the shaft without their foreman the engineers in charge guessed instantly what had happened. They ran to the elevator down the shaft and verified the conditions they had imagined. They came back declaring that the foreman was as good as dead. No human power could force the door against the water pressure back of it. It was only a question of hours until the foreman should be drowned. The tunnel was filling rapidly with water, and even if rescuers should achieve the impossible they would be overwhelmed with the rush of water that would follow the opening of the door that held him.

Then Harris G. Giddings, Lawrence A. Hanlon and Peter Lancaster appeared. They were firemen, off duty, and each had a family. They insisted on being allowed to go down to try to save Flyter. The engineers explained the hopelessness of the effort and the folly of risking their lives. But they persisted, and, taking a heavy beam, went down the shaft. At the bottom they found the water already knee deep. Wading back through the dripping tunnel, stooping to avoid the live electric wires overhead that supplied their little light, they heard the screams of the imprisoned foreman and the ineffectual beating of his fists against the door. Reaching the bulkhead, they peered through the bull's-eye in the door and saw his face, contorted with terror. They made signs that they were trying to help him, and backed away with their beam as a battering ram. Time and again they rushed it against the bulkhead. Each time it struck without causing more than a tremor of the steel plate. Momentarily the water rose inch by inch above their knees. In a pause for breath they noticed that the cries within had ceased. They looked through the bull's-eye and saw that the water had risen so that the foreman's lips were covered. He was holding his head back and breathing through his nost

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No. 1630—Ladies' Two-Seam Sleeves for Coats and Jackets. One in full-length and plaited below elbow and the other the regulation coat style plaited or gathered at top and in full or three-quarter length. 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches bust measure.

No. 2093—Ladies' Blouse Jacket, with Body and Sleeves in One. Striped or plain cheviot or imitation fur develops well in this pattern. 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches bust measure.

No. 1352—Misses' Four-Gored Circular Skirt, with Plaits at Front and Back. Very fashionable model, adaptable to any of the winter materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2097—Ladies' Tucked Eton Jacket with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. In cheviot, serge, tailor-suiting or tweed, this model is very seasonable. 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

No. 2115—Ladies' Low-Necked Evening Waist, with Body Lining. Crepe de Chine or net is good material for this pretty model. 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches bust measure.

No. 2108—Child's Coat, with Body and Sleeves in One. A model simple in construction and becoming when worn. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

No. 2092—Child's Low-Necked Tucked Dress. This develops well in any material, from thin bastite to shepherd's plaid. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

No. 2107—Ladies' Corset Cover, Slipped on Over the Head. Nainsook, jaconet or silk, develops well in this model. 3 sizes—32, 36 and 40.

No. 1547—Misses' Jumper or Guimpe Waist, Slipped on Over the Head. Developed in silk voile or cashmere this is a very serviceable model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1657—Girls' Suspender Dress, with Guimpe and Plaited Skirt. Scotch plaid of any of the novelty wool materials are adaptable for this pattern. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1697—Boys' Russian Suit. Cashmere, mohair and broadcloth are suitable winter materials for the small boy's suit. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

No. 1569—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with a Separate Yoke Guimpe Having Elbow Sleeves. Taffetas or surah silk is a good material for this waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

No. 1280—Ladies' Surplice Waist. Silk or cotton crepe, or nun's veiling are pretty made after this model. 6 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

No. 1743—Misses' and Girls' Double-Breasted Long Coat with Fancy Yoke Facing. Broadcloth, storm serge, cheviot or tweed are suitable for this model. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 2102—Misses' One-Piece Kilt-Plaited Skirt, with Bretelle Bertha. A charming modification of the jumper style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2119—Ladies' Low-Necked Princess Dress, in Sweep or Round Length, with or without Mikado over-sleeves. 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

No. 2125—Ladies' Seven-Gored Bell Skirt, in Round or Ankle Length. A good model for the skirt of the street suit. 8 sizes—22 to 36 inches, waist measure.

No. 2123—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Ripple Skirt, with Plaits at Front and Back. Adaptable to any materials. 7 sizes—22 to 34 inches, waist measure.

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Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

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Roosevelt Was So Hungry He Was Tempted to Eat Wildcat

Stamboul, La., Oct. 21.—"We got three bears, six deer, one wild turkey, twelve squirrels, one duck, one opossum and one wild cat. We ate them all, except the wild cat, and there were times when we almost felt as if we could eat it."

This was President Roosevelt's summary of the results of his hunt on Bayou Tensas and Bear lake. He arrived at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the residence of Leo Shields, where he was a guest until he departed for Vicksburg today.

The President came in on a full gallop and, accompanied, as he was, by about a dozen hunting companions, all mounted and attired in hunting garb, the cavalcade presented a tableau as picturesque as it was animated.

The President is slightly more bronzed than when he entered the wilderness fifteen days ago, but, nothwithstanding this fact and the additional circumstances that his skin, as well as his clothes, bear evidence of contact with the cane and other brush, he was never in better spirits in his life.

The President declared that his health had been perfect and his appetite good. With the exception of a day or two, lost on account of rain, he had been in the saddle every day, from dawn to dusk. He declared that he had never in his life had finer sport.

Take Steps to Care for the Ormsby "Quads" and Triplets

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19.—Preparatory steps have been taken to save the "National Family." Lawyers have set to work to draft a bill to be presented to the legislature at Springfield, looking toward the care and education of the now famous Ormsby "quads."

The "National Family" movement was evolved by Mrs. W. C. H. Keough, former member of the board of education, following the rescue of the "quads" from a dugout in this city.

The state has refused to permit Mrs. Ormsby to exhibit in museums, Theodore, Alice, George Dewey and John Studebaker Ormsby, as well as the triplets, Helen Gould, Daisy and William Ormsby, so Mrs. Keough proposes that the state accept the seven youngsters as wards.

Mrs. Ormsby is trying to get to Canton, Ohio, where she says her father, Isaac True, will shoulder the burden of seven children. Charles Ormsby, the father, fled to Seattle, coincident with the arrival of the "quads."

Ohio Dog Travels 300 Miles and Finds Mistress in Chicago

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Left in Columbus, O., more than 300 miles away, on March 18 last, Trix Clark, pet dog and companion o May Clark, aged 16, of 235 North Clark street, suddenly turned up in Chicago yesterday and discovered his mistress, having made one of the most remarkable journeys performed by an animal on record and accomplished the additional feat of singling out the family with whom he formerly lived from among more than 2,000,000 people.

How the dog found the residence of his young mistress will always remain a mystery. When Miss Clark came out of a restaurant yesterday the dog was sitting wan and gaunt in front of her lodgings. At the sight of her he dashed forward, and before she realized what was happening, he had both paws around her neck. With a glad bark from the dog and an affectionate hug from the girl, the recognition was complete. To make sure of his identity, however, the dog was put through some of the paces he had learned as a pup. He was then taken home, fed and put to sleep.

Miss Clark and her mother have been living in their present quarters only three weeks. Previously they lived in several parts of the city. Their change of residence must have made the dog's task exceedingly difficult. When they left Columbus, he was left in care of a friend, but disappeared a few days later. For a time it was thought he had been stolen.

PORTO RICAN RULING.

Washington, Oct. 21.—Attorney General Bonaparte has rendered an opinion in which he sustains the contention of the Porto Rican insular government that the laws passed by the legislative assembly last winter, changing the system of audit, and providing for a direct audit by the auditor before payments are made, applies to the general court judges and other officials.

VIOLENT EARTHQUAKES

Great Disturbance Felt in Eastern Part of U. S.

The Movement Was in Progress Over Two Hours at Albany, N. Y.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 16.—An earthquake of great proportions, in a direction and at a distance not yet identified, began to manifest itself today about 8 a. m. on the seismograph at the state museum. At 10:15 a. m. the movement was still in progress undiminished.

Recorded at Washington.

Washington, Oct. 16.—An earthquake of great violence was recorded by the seismograph at the weather bureau today. The strongest motion of the disturbance began shortly after 9 o'clock this morning and subsided about six minutes later, the approximate time as first shown by the government instruments being from 9:14 to 9:20.

The weather bureau issued the following bulletin:

"Just after the sheets of the seismograph were changed this morning, a great earthquake was recorded, the record of which has not as yet been entirely completed. The precise beginning of the disturbance cannot be made out, as yet, but it was noticed, before the strong motion began, that an earthquake was occurring, and the record was adjusted to the middle portion of the sheet. Even with this preparation, however, the motion of the instrument was so great as to carry the recording lever far beyond the margin of the sheet, so that this disturbance was evidently of considerable violence. The strong part of the motion began at 9:14 a. m., but its duration was relatively short, and subsided at about 9:20 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time.

Full Details Unknown.

"The amplitude of the strong action was apparently as great as four-tenths of an inch, Washington. Full details of the record cannot be made until the instruments have ceased recording, and the record sheets can be removed for examination and measurement. The foregoing times can only be given approximately at present.

The earthquake, which was one of the most violent ever recorded here, was also shown on the seismograph at the coast and geodetic survey magnetic observatory at Cheltenham, Md. The instrument there showed the vibrations began at 8:59:46 a. m. Eastern Standard time, and continued about two hours. The maximum disturbance was from 9:14 to 9:20 o'clock.

Great as Frisco Quake.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 16.—The seismograph at Johns Hopkins university shows that the earthquake was the strongest recorded by that instrument since that at San Francisco.

The record shows that the disturbance began a few minutes past 9 o'clock and continued for a period of two hours.

The most violent tremor was at 9:13 o'clock and during the eleven minutes following the needle of the seismograph was shaken entirely off the recording cylinder.

Professor Reid said that the record of the shock on the Hopkins seismograph was of about the same intensity as the record of the San Francisco earthquake.

ANOTHER QUAKE IS FELT

Shock of Less Violence Felt at Washington.

No Reports Received and Disturbance Probably Occurred Under the Sea.

Washington, Oct. 17.—Another earthquake shock of much less violence than that of yesterday, was recorded at the weather bureau today. It occurred shortly after 6 a. m.

Cables Are Working.

New York, Oct. 17.—Inquiry among all of the cable companies today failed to disclose any interruption of communication in the two Americas. Those lines which run through the West Indies and to Central and South America were reported as working smoothly, and officials of the companies said that none of their offices or any of their connecting lines to the south had reported any earthquake disturbance.

As the field thus covered embraces all of the West Indies, all of Central America, and both coasts of South America, it is evident that the quake recorded by various seismographers did not occur at any largely populated region on the western hemisphere. It probably was an undersea disturbance.

STILL ANOTHER QUAKE

Recorded on Government Instruments at Washington.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The weather bureau today anounced that its instruments recorded an earthquake beginning at 11 o'clock last night and lasting until early this morning and that its origin may have been at a point west of Australia in the southern Indian ocean. It is believed to have been of considerable intensity at its origin.

Quake in Italy.

Florence, Italy, Oct. 21.—The observatory here reports a heavy seismic disturbance westward between 5:20 and 8:50 this morning.

WAS NOT AN EARTHQUAKE

Prof. Leuschner Says Disturbance Was a "Seaquake."

Berkeley, Ca., Oct. 18.—Prof. A. O. Leuschner, of the observatory of the University of California, announced yesterday that the center of the earthquake disturbance felt on the Pacific coast Wednesday and probably the same as registered on the seismograph at Washington, D. C., was about 1,000 miles south of Berkeley, in midocean, probably between the Hawaiian islands and the south coast of Mexico. The shock is known to scientists as a seaquake and is usually followed by a tidal wave.

Reports of the shock will probably be brought in by incoming ships. According to Prof. Leuschner, the intensity of the quake near its center far exceeded that of the California, Kingston, Valparaiso and Mexican earthquakes.

ROYAL FAMILY IS COMING

England's Rulers Will Visit Canada, Says Grey.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 18.—Governor General Grey has unofficially announced announced that members of the royal family will visit Canada in connection with the centenary of the landing of Champlain. Whether it will be the king and queen or the prince and princess of Wales he did not disclose, but the impression created in the minds of those who heard his remarks is that it will be the king and queen.

TAFT OPENS ASSEMPLY

Says Filipinos Not Ready for Self Government.

But Suggests That Philippine Lawmakers Pay Attention to Civil Service.

Manila, P. I., Oct. 16.—Secretary Taft formally opened the Philippine assembly in the National theatre at 11:15 this morning in the presence of a large crowd of people.

In his opening address Mr. Taft reiterated his former statement regarding the Philippine islands, declaring that his views, announced two years ago, regarding the independence of the Philippine people were unchanged.

He did not believe that they would be fitted to govern themselves for at least a generation, but he added that the matter was entirely in the hands of congress. The secretary denied emphatically that the United States had any intention of disposing of the islands, said he had absolute confidence in the Filipinos, denied that he was disappointed at their ability to degislate conservatively, and asserted his belief that they felt their responsibilities and acknowledged the necessity of supporting the American government.

Mr. Taft refrained from making any suggestion regarding specific legislation on the part of the Philippine assembly, but he recommended that attention be paid to the civil service.

VETERANS ARE DYING OFF

Decrease of 18,600 in Pensioners in a Year.

Total Number June 30, 1907, Was 967,371—Total Payments, $140,850,880.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The decrease of 18,600 in the number of pensioners on the rolls at the end of the fiscal year 1907, as compared with the year previous, is the feature of the annual report of Pension Commissioner Warner, just issued. This is the greatest decrease in the history of the pension bureau. The total number of pensioners June 30, 1907, was 967,371, and the total value of the pension roll at that date was $140,850,880. This is greater by $4,613,131 over the value of the roll for the year previous, and is accounted for by the higher rates of pensions allowed by the act of February, 1907, under which act there had been enrolled, July 30, of the present year, 116,239 pensioners. The total number of pensioners on the roll on account of the war with Spain was 24,077.

TO WELCOME BIG FLEET

California, Particularly Frisco, Is Making Ready.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—The citizens of California, particularly of San Francisco, are making ready to give a royal reception to the great battleship fleet when it passes in the Golden Gate, next spring. A general committee on entertainment and reception has been formed, comprising every one of the great commercial organizations of the city and coast, and with an adequate supply of funds to defray the cost of entertainment, it is expected that the San Franciscans will extend to Admiral Evans' fleet such a welcome as has never been known in naval history, except upon the return to America of Admiral Dewey's flagship, fresh from the Philippines campaign.

The people are very anxious to have admiral Dewey come to San Francisco as the city's guest, to add to the importance of the occasion, and the admiral and Rear Admiral Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation, have been considering whether they can spare the time to make the trip to San Francisco.

NAMED AFTER ROOSEVELT

Stamboul, La., Ceases to Be When President Leaves.

Stamboul, La., Oct. 21.—At 10 o'clock today President Roosevelt boarded his special train and bade adieu to this point, the nearest railroad station to the scene of his recent bear hunting expedition in the Louisiana cane brakes, and as though to emphasize the closing of the historic incident of the presidential visit, the name of the place was changed with the departure of the chief executive, and it will be known hereafter as Roosevelt.

All business on the plantations and about the sawmills was suspended to permit the presence at the station of both employers and employes.

Fully nineteen-twentieths of those present were negroes, but this was only an evidence of the great preponderance of the black race in this part of the country.

They received the President with every indication of good feeling when he drove in a few minutes before starting, and he returned the salutations with evident pleasure. He was still in the best of humor, and he assured everybody that the last fortnight had afforded him as much sport as he had ever experienced in that length of time.

Before leaving Mr. Shields' residence the President sought out all the men who had been with him in camp and, in bidding farewell, thanked each individually for the part he had taken in making the hunt a success.

He was also profuse in his expression of appreciation of the hospitality extended by Mr. and Mrs. Shields.

The same train that carried the President away also conveyed the skin of the big bear slain by him last Thursday and the skins of two smaller animals killed by other members of the party, as well as the skin presented by the Osborne brothers.

$6,000 EVERY TRIP FOR CARRYING U. S. MAILS.

Washington, Oct. 18.—By reason of their speed the new Cunarders, the Lusitania and Mauretania, will receive from the United States government from $4,000 to $6,000 every time they leave New York for carrying first-class mail destined to Europe.

No contract to this effect is necessary, as the rate to be paid—35 cents a pound—is fixed by international arrangement between the postal authorities of America and Europe.

PRUNE GROWERS IN POOL

Californians Hold Product Until Market Advances.

San Jose, Cal., Oct. 16.—Twenty-six growers of prunes have pooled the product of their orchards in an organization founded at Campbell and are holding 180 tons belonging to the members until the market reaches their price. The crop for the year is the lightest in the memory of most of the growers. The 180 tons is the product of 600 acres of orchard which, last year, yielded 1,500 tons and in 1900 a crop of 5,500 tons.

SECRETARY ROOT PLEASED

Thinks Hague Conference Accomplished Much.

Washington, Oct. 21.—"The second Hague conference accomplished no more than I had every reason to expect. I am well satisfied with the result of its work," said Secretary Root today when he was asked for an expression of opinion as to the success of the conference. The secretary was disposed to attach especial importance to the agreement reached relative to a permanent international court. The details still remain to be filled in, such as the provision of some means of selecting the members of the tribunal, yet the agreement upon principle is considered a great achievement as marking a distinct advance in public opinion. The difficulty in the selection of the judges lay in the fact that aside from America, and perhaps England, there was a common belief that these judges were to be political instruments.

In the agreement to refrain from the forcible collection of contractural debts, except in the event of the refusal of arbitration, a great victory had been won, according to officials here, as it is founded upon inspection of the convention covering this point that the nations have really agreed to the compulsory arbitration of all disputes growing out of contractural claims. A most important point of this agreement is the provision authorizing the arbitrators in such cases to consider the time and manner of payment of an award. That, in effect, gave the force of international law to such arrangements as that under which the foreign debt of Santo Domingo is being collected through a term of years and by the segregation of a percentage of the customs receipts adjusted to the means of the country.

Pleased with the work of all of the American delegates to the conference, Secretary Root was especially complimentary in the case of Dr. Scott.

ATTEMPT TO KILL TAFT

At Jesuit College Reception, Declares Manila Priest.

Manila, P. I., ct. 18.—A report reached the local police yesterday from a priest that an attempt was made to throw a bomb at Secretary Taft while he was attending a reception in his honor given at the Jesuit college. A careful investigation of the rumor has failed to disclose any foundation for the statement made. Every precaution was taken by the authorities to prevent any such outrage, the secretary being closely guarded by insular as well as by United States secret service men. Besides, it is believed that there are no anarchists or men of that class in the islands.

Secretary Taft was present this morning at an entertainment given in his honor at Fort William McKinley. In the afternoon he reviewed the troops composing the garrison of Manila; later he was entertained at dinner by Brigadier General John J. Pershing, commander of Fort William McKinley, and this evening he will be present at a reception to be given by the American club.

Early this morning, previous to the round of entertainments, the secretary conferred with Governor General Smith, the members of the Philippine commission and prominent insular officials of lower rank.

The Philippine assembly this morning completed the organization of the various committees.

BLACK LIST OF MEDIUMS

Who Have Been Exposed Will Not Be Published.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The National Spiritualists' Association yesterday decided upon Indianapolis, Ind., as the place for holding the next annual meeting. Officers were elected as follows: President, B. Warno, of Chicago; vice president, Charles R. Schirm, of Baltimore; secretary, George W. Kates, of Cheyney, Pa.; treasurer, Cassius S. Stevens, of Pittsburg.

A resolution was read by President McArthur, of the Missouri Society Association, providing that a "blacklist" be kept of mediums who have been exposed and their names and pictures be published and distributed by the National Spiritualists' Association, was defeated.

ANOTHER TEST RIDE.

Washington, Oct. 21.—Major-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the East, has arrived in Washington from New York and today headed a detachment of thirty-five of the field officers attached to that department on the fifteenth mile test ride prescribed by President Roosevelt for officers above the grade of captain and below that of general.

SENSE ABOUT FOOD

Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything. I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well.

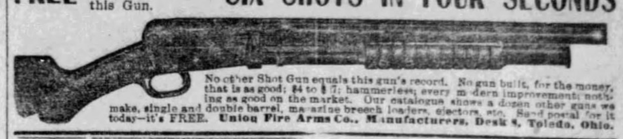
"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was put under the doctor's care, but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and naturally he has none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts.

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teacher and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combines with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

FREE Book tells of this Gun. **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



No other Shot Gun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good; $4 to $7; hammerless; every modern improvement; nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's FREE. **Union Fire Arms Co., Manufacturers, Desk 8, Toledo, Ohio.**

Hunters' & Trappers' Guide 4 x 10,000 pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Decoys. Price $2.00. We pay 10 to 50% more for Raw Furs, Hides, Skins than some buyers. Entertained into Riches. Send for Free List. Anderson Bros., Dept. 57, Minneapolis, Minn.

DETECTIVES Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau 45, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by MAIL. Application blank and book for stamp. **Inter Ry. Inst., No. 10. Indianapolis, Ind.**

WANTED—In every community, energetic men and women to solicit orders from townspeople and farmers for our complete line of fruit and ornamental nursery stock. No delivering or collecting. Attractive proposition. Earnings paid weekly. No experience or money needed. Steady work. Perry Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE or trade for city property, 120-acre improved farm in Coffee Co., Tenn., 2 miles from N. R. Address J. E. Lanchas, Nashville Sanitarium, Nashville, Tenn.

LADIES—Private lecture free. Send for never-failing guaranteed monthly regulator. Dixie Medicine Co., 352 Randolph Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.

GOV. HUGHES IS WILLING

But Will Not Hustle for the Presidency.

Makes Plain at a New York Banquet That He Is Not in a Receptive Mood.

New York, Oct. 19.—Governor Hughes is not a candidate for the presidential nomination, but he is not disposed to discourage a boom.

It was made plain in an address at a dinner given in his honor last night by the Republican club that the governor is in a receptive mood. He does not wish to pose as one who is hustling for an office, but neither does he desire to set aside all possible chances.

"I do not seek any public office. I have not sought, nor shall I seek, directly or indirectly, to influence the selection or the vote of any delegate to any convention, and with reference to the action of any delegate to any convention, there will be no suggestion or thought of influence, protest or reprisal in the executive chamber.

Governor Hughes resented the criticism that he scorned politicians. This he denied. "Political activity," he said, "is a most important qualification for office. But I want that political activity to be of such a character as to leave a man free and independent in the dignity of his manhood to perform the duties of office, if appointed, unembarrassed by improper influences and unaffected by accumulated obligations."

PRESIDENT IS INVITED

To Hunt for Bear in Lycoming County, Pa.

Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 18.—Farmers residing in the vicinity of Buckhorn mountain, fifteen miles from here, have sent an invitation to President Roosevelt to hunt for bears in Lycoming county and assist them in exterminating the pest that is destroying corn. Many farmers are obliged to guard their fields each night. The farmers have issued public invitations for the hunting of bear in their lands. Fred Anker, of Wallace Run, while hunting pheasants, shot a large bear with bird shot.

IN THE SUPREME COURT

Illinois Meat Packers' Cases Are Landed.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The supreme court of the United States today took jurisdiction of the meat packers' case wherein the Armour, Swift, Morris and Cudahy packing companies were fined $15,000 each for accepting a preferential rate from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad on shipments of meat for exports from Mississippi river points to the Atlantic seaboard. The case involves the application of the Elkins act to export shipments. The motion for a writ of certerorari was granted.

AUTOS KILL FORTY-ONE

In State of Massachusetts in Three Months.

Boston, Oct. 16.—A report issued by the Safe Roads Automobile Association shows that between the dates of June 21 and September 21 of this year, 41 persons were killed and 313 injured as the result of automobile accidents in the state of Massachusetts, as far as they were recorded by the association.

This covered 211 collisions, an average of 2½ daily, and comprised only collisions with wagons, automobiles, trains and vehicles. Further the report states that in the same time 345 other serious collisions were reported by the newspapers, and that many horses and cattle were killed or injured.

BIG BRICK PLANT FAILURE

United States Combine Affected by the Collapse.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 21.—In court here today Lambert A. Rehr, of this city, was appointed receiver of the Montello Brick Works, one of the subsidiary concerns of the United States Brick company. Application for a receiver for the United States Brick company is still pending in court. The United States company has defaulted on interest and the minority bondholders are seeking to have it wiped out. Then it is intended to reorganize by accepting stock in the original Montello Brick company. The capital of the United States Brick company was $5,000,000, of the Montello Brick Works $1,500,000, and of the Montello Brick company $1,050,000. They control a dozen plants. A statement of the liabilities and assets of the companies in financial trouble has not yet been prepared, but it is said that the Montello Brick Works owes over $400,000. The United States company bondholders will lose a large sum.

SUIT AGAINST J. J. HILL

Carried by Venner to United States Supreme Court.

Washington, Oct. 17.—An appeal in the Supreme Court of the United States was filed today in the suit of Clarence H. Venner, of New York, to compel James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, to restore to the plaintiff, as owner of 300 shares of the Great Northern stock, as well as to the other stockholders of that company, the profit of $10,000,000, which Hill is alleged to have made by purchasing in 1900 and 1901, $25,000,000 worth of Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad stock at an average of $150 a share, and then selling it to his own company for $200 a share. The supreme court is asked to remand the suit back for trial to the Supreme Court of the state of New York, where it was originally brought in May, 1907.

TAFT WINS IN VIRGINIA

Captures Richmond Convention Against Cortelyou Men.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 18.—Reports reached here this morning of the victory of the Taft forces in the first contest for the control of Virginia, which occurred at Richmond yesterday. Taft and Cortelyou forces contended for the mastery of the Republican district committee and after a stormy session the former won at all points. The issue was brought about by the election of a member of the state executive committee to succeed Chapman P. Snead, of King William, who was murdered some days ago. Snead was also the conferee of the postoffice department and dispenser of patronage. John G. Luce, of Goochland, Republican nominee for the house of representatives, a strong Taft man, was chosen. Realizing their defeat by the Taft people early in the meeting, the opposition undertook to filibuster and submitted motions to adjourn till a later day, subject to the call of the chair, which were lost. The most significant declaration in the Taft resolution, which after the Taft strength was established, was permitted to lie on the table for the present, is the following:

"That this committee, representing the Republicans of the third district of Virginia, has an abiding faith in the manliness of Theodore Roosevelt and in the sincerity of his declaration that he will not accept a renomination to the presidency, and regard the efforts now being made to persuade the Republicans of the south that he secretly desires a renomination as treacherous to the President and derogatory to his name and fame."

The resolution then praises Secretary Taft in strong language and it pledges the support of the third district to the secretary in the next convention.

FAREWELL TO BISHOP

Said at Pilgrims' Banquet in New York.

New York, Oct. 16.—On the eve of his departure for home, the Right Reverend Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, lord bishop of London, was given a farewell banquet by the Pilgrims' society of the United States in the new Plaza hotel last night. The bishop has been in this country for about three weeks.

Standing on an office desk, which served as a pulpit, and with his back to the gray stone of the old custom house, the bishop of London preached the gospel in the open air of Wall street yesterday. It was his second appearance in the financial district, and while all who could get into Trinity church heard before, a multitude that filled the streets from curb to curb listened today. Many who failed of standing room within hearing distance, looked from open windows, and even the roofs of many buildings were lined with many auditors. Bankers, brokers, policemen, clerks and messengers made up the audience. It was the bishop's fortieth sermon since his arrival for "rest and recreation."

VILLAGE WASHED AWAY

Other Towns Ravaged by Hurricanes and Floods.

Paris, Oct. 1.—The whole of southern Europe is in the grasp of a tremendous storm, accompanied by torrential rains. This, coming on the heels of the unprecedented rainfalls and succession of floods of the past three weeks, is causing very great distress. The storm area extends from Morocco northward over Portugal, Spain and southern France. Warships off the African coast and the Spanish peninsula have been obliged to seek shelter. The French torpedo gunboat Cassini lost her propeller while making port during the gale.

The village of Olet, near Barcelona, Spain, was literally washed away by a cloudburst and the river Llobregat, just south of Barcelona, is described as being a raging torrent and as constantly claiming new victims.

The city of St. Sebastian, in the north of Spain, has been ravaged by a violent hurricane, which tore up trees and telegraph poles, blocked the railroad tracks and stalled many trains. Telegraphic communication between Madrid and St. Sebastian is interrupted.

The recently flooded rivers in the south of France are again rising.

A dispatch from Brest says that a tempest is raging off the coast and that several fishing smacks have been capsized and their crews drowned.

The storm compelled a Portuguese squadron to seek refuge in the harbor of Lisbon, and while making port the torpedo boat Lago collided with a gunboat, resulting in fatal injuries to the commander of the Lago.

EXECUTE FIVE PRISONERS

Political Offenders Are Shot Down in Hayti.

Washington, Oct. 16.—Five political prisoners were shot in Hayti today, according to a dispatch received at the state department from Minister Furniss. The information conveyed by the dispatch is very meagre. It was known here that a much larger number of Haytians were under charges of conspiracy and that the arrests do not involve citizens of other countries. It is supposed here that a number of the defendants still await trial.

Nine Chickens Cost Thieves $900

La Crosse, Wis., Oct. 18.—Nine hundred dollars for nine plain, ordinary chickens was the price paid by some thieves who raided the roosts on the farm of August Lenhoff, near Caledonia, one night this week.

Mrs. Lenhoff was aroused during the night by the barking of her dogs. Her husband was away, only two small children being at home with her. A cackling in the chicken coop told her the story, and, taking a double-barreled shotgun, she hurried to the barnyard, firing both barrels in the air. The thieves, evidently several in number, escaped and Mrs. Lenhoff returned to bed.

In the morning the woman found a wallet containing $900 in bills near one of the nests.

Later in the morning three men representing themselves to be chicken buyers called and requested to see the fowls in the place. Mrs. Lenhoff informed them she had none for sale, but they insisted upon looking over the flock, declaring they had been told by neighbors that the Lenhoff collection of chicken was an exceptionally fine one.

The woman followed them to the chicken yard, where they searched the ground diligently without avail.

Mrs. Lenhoff lost nine fine chickens, but the $ s deposited the $900 in the village savings bank.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

I live for those who love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

MONDAY.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.

TUESDAY.

The gate of heaven is love. There is no other. When generous act blooms from unselfish thought the Lord is with us, though we know it not.

WEDNESDAY.

Christ's time was largely taken up with making other people happy.

THURSDAY.

To be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.

FRIDAY.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth
The grass is green and the flowers bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

SATURDAY.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

Be Cheerful at Breakfast Keep Your Heart Young

Unimportant as it may seem, the breakfast hour is a very decisive part of the day. In truth, it begins the day, and it should be made a time of cheerfulness. No matter how plain the food, or how humble the home, pleasant "good morning" greetings exchanged between the members of the family sweeten the food, and aid digestion, and digestion has much to do with the temper. A day begun in a good temper is more than likely to be a day well spent. Labor seems lighter when one is at peace with the world, and above all, at peace with one's family.

The irritating influence of the breakfast accompanied with cross words to the children, if they happen to be late, or with fault-finding, lasts for hours. So much depends upon the state of mind we are in when the day begins. To awaken with a heavy heart, means a burden to be carried until we sleep again unless we encounter love and cheerfulness, to make us forget heaviness, and remember that life is worth living.

In the kindergartens the lessons are always begun with a morning greeting, sung in the funny little voices of the children. One of the songs is this:

"Good morning to you; good morning to you;
Good morning, dear teacher, I'm glad to see you."

After the teacher is thus greeted, the children sing the lines to one another, substituting for "teacher" the name of some child, thus spreading the spirit of sweetness and good will throughout the class. Of course, a ceremony of this kind, pretty as it is, is not expected to take place in the family circle, though if it should be done, it would doubtless occasion a hearty laugh, than which nothing is better to begin the day.

The little courtesies are so apt to be forgotten in family relations. It is in the home they should be practiced more than anywhere else. Good manners is only another term for kindness and consideration, and these should mark our treatment of those with whom we come in daily contact. If good manners are practiced at home, there is no danger they will be forgotten abroad.

Some people think it is an indication of dishonesty not to act according to their mood, but if you happen to be cross, it is better to conceal your feelings and "look pleasant," even if you do not feel that way.

The keynote of a happy, home life undoubtedly lies in the exchange of small courtesies and kindnesses. The breakfast hour should never be marred with complaints or discussions of disagreeable things. Do all that you can to begin your work with a light heart and a cheerful spirit, and to enable those around you to go to their tasks in the same manner. Sorrow, petty grievances and bad tempers should be banished with the breaking of the day, and cheerfulness should be the watchword at the breakfast.

Keep your heart young. Your body may age, but don't let your heart grow old and out of harmony with the young people. They have most of their experiences before them. It is through experience that they must learn, just as you learned the lessons of life.

Keep the sunshine in your heart. Keep the memory of your youth alive. Keep your sympathy and understanding in good practice. Remember, when you are inclined to feel impatient with the follies of youth, that in your younger days those same follies were your own. Age is comparative. To a girl of sixteen, those in the twenties seem old. Forty is a great age to those in the twenties, and those who are forty think when sixty is reached, all is over and it is time to die.

It does not really matter how old you are, so long as your heart is young. An old heart draws lines in your face and weakens your body. A young heart makes you forget the number of years you have lived, and enables you to joy in every day of life that is given you. A young heart attracts young people. Coupled with the superior knowledge that experience brings, your sympathetic counsel may help youth along the way, and perhaps protect it from sorrow and disaster.

Sympathy comes from a young heart; sympathy in joy and in sorrow; and when, after life's fitful fever," you have learned the paths of calmness, if your heart is young, you have learned, also, the paths of happiness. One is never too old to be happy. Just keep the bloom of youth upon your heart, and the world will be bright for you, while you brighten the world with your presence.

THE COZY CORNER

Today we begin with a descriptive letter from Colorado which the editor thinks will be found very interesting. We are more than glad to have it for "the Corner."

My home is in Lake City, Colorado, a mining camp in the great San Juan, 350 miles southwest of Denver. It is a pretty place, surrounded with beautiful mountains and several charming lakes. One of them, called Lake San Christobal, is five miles from our town, and accessible by the best of mountain roads. The lake is three miles long and half a mile wide, and is one of the most enchanting spots in Colorado. It is full of trout and would make an ideal summer resort.

I have lived in Lake City twenty-five years, during which time I have taken but very few outings. This summer, desirous of a little change, I followed my husband and son to Ouray county, where they have mining interests. We have been keeping house in a "little rustic cabin" among the pines (altitude 11,700 feet), a very picturesque situation that a lover of nature cannot fail to appreciate. Above and around us are the majestic summits of Mount Abram, Brown Mountain, and Red Mountain, the latter so called because of its striking fiery hue, caused by oxidized iron.

This is a fine mining district, very productive of gold, silver and copper ore, silver predominating. A number of mines have produced millions, and one of them sold for $6,000,000. We have not been one of the fortunate ones so far, but hope to realize something sooner or later. The wild flowers at this altitude are profuse and beautiful, and nowhere can be found in a greater variety of shape and color, but their season is short. When we came here in the middle of July, we had to cross several snow banks. We also had to dig a hole nine feet deep in one of them, so as to get to the spring that furnishes us water, and we had to descend to it by means of a ladder. Even as I am writing, I look out upon a typical winter scene—weird and rather depressing in its untimely beauty, and accentuating the wild solitude of our surroundings.

The trip to and from Ironton, (our postoffice) being a steep and arduous one, I have not felt like attempting it again this summer—so did not see or speak to a woman for over two months. We have no immediate neighbors, and those we have are miners, of course. We get our mail only once a week and do you wonder that I eagerly look for letters and papers upon that day, and welcome them like old friends?

To the author of "the letter from Illinois," Mrs. E. B., I would say: Amid life's varied considerations and in talking over our interests and cares, we are apt to overlook the one "thing needful," yet not many of us really forget that without it this short existence would be very unsatisfactory indeed, and many of us who have not overmuch of this world's goods have found that in "seeking first the Kingdom of God and its righteousness, all other things" are really "added unto us." We have no missionary society in Lake City, but we have sewing circles for the church and a Sunshine society, where we make garments for the poor. This society meets once a month. It has only a few members, but it is really surprising the amount of work that is being accomplished by this little band of devoted "Sunshiners." I wish I could tell the number of garments we made last winter. I know it would seem incredible. We send them to the society's state headquarters in Denver, and they are distributed among the poor of that city. We also give away many articles in our own town whenever they are needed.—Mrs. Amelia M. Forberg.

HOME HELPS.

Dear Sisters—By all means have plenty of sunlight and pure air in your homes, and be sure to sleep with your windows open. I heard a woman say a few days ago, "I cannot sleep with the window open, for I have the rheumatism so very bad."

The poor soul could not be convinced that impure air made her trouble worse.

I wish the sisters would try my way of washing windows. Dampen a small piece of chamois skin, rub the glass with it, then polish with a larger piece. Your windows will be bright and shining. Go over all woodwork and furniture with coal oil and see how nice they will look. Blacken your kitchen stove on the sides and back, but for the top, scour with soap and coarse sand. When it gets hot, it will be black.

Here is my way of putting up pickles: One-half bushel of small cucumbers, one large cup of salt, heaping teaspoonful of powdered alum, two teaspoonfuls of black pepper. Pour on boiling water to cover. Let stand over night, then take a stone jar and fill with alternating layers of horseradish and cucumbers. Cover with good cider vinegar, boiling hot. This way of doing makes crisp pickles that will keep indefinitely.—Libbie.

A SUGGESTION.

The Walker Family: "When the children become restless or uneasy upon a stay-at-home day, let them join "The Walker Family." Its cheerful, stimulating exercise appeals to them, and will bring the glow to their cheeks and smile to their faces. It is merely a healthy march combined with singing. These words are sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle:

The Walker children are in town,
They tread an endless journey;
Their feet go up, their feet go down,
And still they stand before ye.
Then walk-a, walk-a, walk away,
Sturdy lad and lassie,
Three steps forward, three steps out,
And three steps in and back-ie.

By having them repeat the instructions given in the last two lines, many times, an almost endless journey is taken. At first the "Walkers" merely march about in a circle; but when "three steps forward," and so forth, is sung, the directions are carried out in such a correct manner that the little pedestrians are brought to a standstill (when they desire) at the point upon which they stood before they began the forward, out, in and back stepping.

Don't forget "The Walker Family" when the children need "heartening."

FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

I am a farmer's girl, eleven years old. I have a dear little brother four years old. He helps me pick up wood and cobs, and does lots of little things for me. He sings two songs, Everybody Works But Father and The Old-Time Religion. I wish the Cosy Corner friends could hear him sing.

I have a good mother and father. We live three miles north of Kenesaw, Nebraska, on a nice farm and in a house which has three rooms. I like to raise chickens, to milk cows, to work in the garden, and to help sew my dresses. There are four in our family. We have a fine garden this year, with musk melons, watermelons, tomatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. We have nineteen acres of potatoes, too. I am going to keep house while my mother and father pick them up. Mamma works outdoors when papa needs her help. We have two little mules. One is red and the other gray. The red one is named Cotton and the gray one we call Hank.

We live on the edge of the sand hills, and can see five towns from one of the big hills on our land. We had five inches of rain just the other day. Good-bye.—Pearl Poore.

The editor thinks this is a pretty good sort of a letter, not only for a little girl, but for anyone to write.

INQUIRIES.

Thus far we have received no answers to our inquiries of last week, so we print them again.

Can someone give a recipe for baking butter crackers?—Mrs. Verna Shafer.

Can someone tell me how to cook rutabaga, or Swedish turnips?—Mrs. W. Z.

Can anyone give me a remedy to cure warts on chickens? They almost cover the sides of my chickens' heads and destroy their sight.—Mrs. L. T.

HOW TO CAN QUINCES.

Lorena writes: "I just ran in to give the sisters a fine recipe for canning quinces so they will not be so strong as when canned in the usual way." Here is the recipe she brought:

Cook the quinces in clear water. Make a syrup, and when the fruit is cooked, fill your cans and put the boiling syrup over the quinces. The water they were cooked in put with the water you cook the parings with for jelly. Add some apple juice to your jelly and it will not be so strong.—Lorena.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The first of our Thanksgiving letters came in this morning, from Fannie Phillips, of "Old Virginny." Who will be next?

Another letter received and welcomed is from Tiel of Tioga. Cozy Corner letters are not arriving as rapidly as they did a few weeks ago. We want you all to come in and say your little say, any time, and as often as you feel like it.

Two things you are reminded not to forget: To write a letter for our Thanksgiving visit in the Corner, and to send in a suggestion for a motto to head our column.

Turpentine is one of the best remedies for croup. A piece of flannel should be saturated with it, and placed on the child's throat and chest

Health and Beauty Hints

"It is safe to say," declared a physician, "that one-half of the women are simply starving for fresh air, and if they would throw away their pill bottles and headache powders and exercise freely in the open air for at least three hours daily they would feel like new women at the end of the year. Nature cannot be cheated, nor impaired forces be restored by swallowing medicine every time warning pains and illness overtake the offender. A busy woman may be compelled to neglect some duty or pleasure for a time in order to obtain the outdoor exercise, but, under the circumstances, it will be excusable, and in the long run she will make up for it, because of increased bodily vigor.

For the complexion:—Wash with sweet milk, into which some horseradish has been grated and allowed to stand for about eight hours. Never use hard water on the face. If soft water is unobtainable add a pinch of borax.

Nothing is better than a cup of hot milk or very hot water for tired people. It is also excellent for those who have had to wait so long for a meal that the appetite seems to have gone.

Tooth Wash:—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three ounces of boiling water, and before it is cold add one teaspoonful of spirits of camphor and bottle it. Use a teaspoonful in half a cupful of hot water each day, with a soft brush. It will cleanse, arrest decay, and insure healthy gums.

For weak eyes, dissolve twenty grains of white vitriol in a pint of water or rosewater; or, a teaspoonful of boracic acid in a cupful of water.

A simple and effective way to prevent flesh from increasing is to avoid drinking at meals, and to take a cup of hot water an hour before each meal, exercising as much as possible during the day.

To remove stains from the hands, keep in a box equal quantities of powdered oxalic acid and cream of tartar. Dip the fingers in warm water and rub on a small amount of the powder. Wash with castile soap.

To remove ink stains from the hands apply the juice of a ripe tomato; or moisten the phosphorus end of a match and rub the stain.

A dessert spoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm soft water will loosen the cuticle on the nails and remove stains and discolorations. Fruit stains may also be removed by washing with a nailbrush in strong tea and then in clear warm water.

Half a teacupful of vinegar in either cold or warm (not hot) bath is very cleansing and bracing, and keeps the skin in an active, healthy state. It is also a good footbath.

A good hair wash is made from one ounce of borax and one ounce of powdered camphor, dissolved in a pint of boiling water, and added to cold water in the bowl. The camphor will form into lumps, but a sufficient amount will dissolve. This will strengthen the hair and preserve the color.

For an egg shampoo, beat the yolks of two eggs in two cupfuls of warm rain or distilled water; add a teaspoonful of borax, and apply to the hair with more warm water. Rinse three or four times.

Open-Air Preaching in New York

For the past two years open air preaching has been taking place in New York city from the steps of the city hall, in public squares and in vacant lots. Thousands of men have faced a hundred ministers and bared their heads reverently as the voice of prayer mingles with the rumble of cars and wagons. Back of the preachers were many representatives of the city government, and some at least were open in their expression of sympathy with the movement.

It was a good sight to see the representative clergymen of New York, the pastors of the churches where the millionaires go, if they go to church at all, and the preachers in the missions all eager to present Christ to the waiting thousands. More than one of them said, "If we have been careful of our ease and careless of your needs, forgive us," and as the people saw them day after day bareheaded in the hot sun they said, "These are true men; let us hear them." At high noon in Wall street, on the steps of the custom house, and in front of the stock exchange, with automobiles for pulpits, the simple gospel has been preached to thousands of men, and we have yet to see the first attempt to disturb the service or make light of it.

Perhaps the most pronounced effect which has attended these meetings comes from the places where the tents are located. There are about ten preaching places, and the testimony of two policemen in the congested quarters where the tents are is that there is a marked change in the character of the community since the tent meetings began. In some cases the arrests for disorderly conduct are less than half as many as formerly.

ONE OF THE STREET PREACHERS

Much attention has been given to children's meetings, where mothers and children have enjoyed cheery services, with hearty singing and fine instrumental music. It is wonderful to see the change that has come into many homes through the aid of the workers who have encouraged mothers to cleanliness and thrift.

The work has been more extensive than most people have supposed. Over 150 permits were given to preachers for meetings in public places: 1,500 meetings were held the last year, with an attendance of over 462,000. Many additions to churches are reported. One church received as many as fifty members. The young people in many of the churches have proved themselves most efficient as helpers, and in time have been stimulated to be of much greater use in their own churches. A beautiful feature has been the distribution of flowers. When the meetings close in September, on account of cold weather, a few paid workers look after those who have professed interest, and continue their solicitude through the autumn, bringing those whom they seek to benefit into touch with the churches.

This tent work is carried forward by a committee of 100 representative pastors and laymen from the several Protestant denominations. The cost of the summer campaign is about $30,000, which is contributed by the churches. No collections are taken in any of the meetings.

During the summer large numbers attended each service; indeed, so great is the interest evidenced in this open-air work as to warrant the prediction that it will be carried on with greater energy another year.

This movement is an honest and earnest attempt to bring the gospel to the people who do not go to church. It has won its way against open hostility on the part of those to whom it went. They now give sympathetic attention, and eagerly beg that the meetings go on from summer to summer.—The Circle Magazine.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we begin the column with a letter which calls for several of our long time members. Come out of the silence, you who used to gladden us with your presence.—Miss Prudence.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I am glad to be with you again. I see our band is mostly made up of "country lassies, pure and sweet," but there are some "city canned" that are "pure and sweet," too. However, I am glad that I am part of the "country lassies."

Mistigay, I envy you. You say you talk too much. I can't talk enough at some places. I can talk enough at school and at home, but I can't talk enough in a crowd, or if I meet anyone I never saw before, I don't know how to talk to them. Wouldn't I be in a sad plight if I should meet an M. G. R. badge on the street and couldn't talk to the person behind it? I think I shall be spared that embarrassment though, because I do not believe there is any other M. G. R. from Missouri save myself. Oh, there's Peggy, Jane and Jo March, they are from Missouri, I think. Olive Branch, rustle your leaves among us oftener, and all the rest of those who have belonged to the M. G. R. the longest, come again. Surely "us new ones" haven't crowded you out. Unicetti and Lena Rivers, think how long it has been since you last wrote. New England Girl, don't you hear the many calls for you? With a pleasant smile for all.—Miss Ouri.

Doesn't time fly? Here it is schooltime again, so I will step in as I am making my "goodby calls," before I go to my little school. I wonder how many of the teachers in the M. G. R. are as fortunate as I. Yes, I call it fortunate to go back to my school I left in the spring, for it is a very good one, and I like everyone in the community.

"Lurlee," I was surprised when I read your letter and saw you had remembered me and my verses. Thank you.

Yes, "Dirigo," I certainly agree with you in regard to flirtation.

I think the best way for anyone to do is to always do what they think is right; then if they should get "left out" they will have a clear conscience, and I ask all to remember, when you do what is right, then, "what is, is best." Of course, it may be hard to realize at once, but you will see where it is best for you sometime.

Someone has said the way to happiness is to not care too much for anyone, or for anything. I think they were mistaken, for what kind of a person would it be, and who would want to trust their all to one who cared little in return?

I find the best way to happiness is to first do as near right as possible, then if misfortune or disappointment o'ertake you, think "what is, is best," and count this as a stepping-stone to something higher.

"Hoosier Sue," in what part of the state do you live? I don't suppose we are neighbors, but we might be, I live in the southern part of Perry county.

Now if I am permitted to call to the Cozy Corner sister who signs her name "A Happy Wife and Mother," I will say your letter was as good, if not the best one I have ever read in the Cozy Corner. I thank you for writing. I know your letter has brought pleasure and good to many who read it. Come again.

"Kentucky Daisy," I am also a country girl, and would not change places with any city girl.

"Pansy from Kansas," why do you stay away? We would be glad to have you with us again.

To the bachelor who does not believe in whipping children, I say thanks for that letter, and please pardon me for forgetting your name. If all persons raising children could only see as you do, there would be no need of whipping. Love to all.—"Hoosier Girl."

If I were in my usual mood this morning I should very likely attempt to expound to you my ideas on the beauty of some one of the many excellent virtues, but since Miss Prudence started me to thinking on this subject, I have decided that I shall have to live a great many years to learn which is truly the greatest. Even then I might not decide wisely, and my decision might lead someone else astray. But Jesus says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and I think that one who can love like this is truly virtuous.

The quality I admire most in a man or woman is enough of this loving kindness toward their neighbor to keep them from ever saying anything but good of them.

And now for my weak point, if you must have it! I think it is lack of patience with the weaknesses of my fellow creatures, because I have not enough of this beautiful love for my neighbor.—Daisy from N. Y.

It seems that West Virginia is pretty well represented in our charming circle, but I will take a part if I may.

I don't believe anyone has given a description of Old Sweet Springs, and neither will I do that, but I am going to tell you something about it. It is a delightful little summer resort situated in the southeastern part of the state, in Monroe county. The country here is noted for its excellent springs. We have fine water, so if any of you wish a good cold drink just call on me.

I am going to sign as my nom de plume my own favorite pet name.—Bunchy.

I enjoy reading the letters so much that it seems like I must join in and write, too. Bonnie, I think you and I are congenial, for my weak point is lack of stability and determination. I would like for someone to inform me how I can overcome the deadly foe.

I am certainly delighted in the Poets' Corner, and I want to thank Mollie for sending Longfellow's Psalm of Life. I have read and heard it many times, but never realized its meaning so clearly as when I happened to see it in the Poets' Corner.—Violet Lewis.

I am a high school girl; however, I expect it is my last year. We have had very good times in school, and, for my part, I shall miss my school life in my old home town for a time at first.

How many of the M. G. R.'s are interested in the study of history? I, for one, can find some history and amuse myself for hours.—Empire State Lassie.

I am a country girl, and like many of the M. G. R.'s, I do not think I should like to live in the city. I have lived in the country all my life, and that is nearly twenty years. My, it seems to me as if I am getting dreadfully old! I remember I used to think that when a girl was twenty she was a grown up young lady, but now, when I am nearly that age, I still feel "kiddish."

I notice that most of the M. G. R.'s consider modesty woman's crowning virtue, and honesty man's. "Them's my sentiments, too."

As to my worst fault, I have so many besetting sins, I hardly know which one to mention. Concerning the question of correspondence, I thik the man should write first. Poor old Michigan Bach! Whata lonely time you must have, with no companions except the dumb animals. Why don't you be sensible and marry a wife?—Brown-Eyed Mae.

I wonder if any of the M. G. R.'s live in the state of Maine? Maine is lovely in summer, but very cold in winter. There are numerous lakes and ponds all over the state. It is about an hour's drive from where I live to the city of Bangor.

Lonesome Rustic, thank you for the invitation. Illi Nois and I will try and find time some afternoon to run over on our wheels. I, too, love books and music. Dickens and Mrs. Southworth are my favorite authors. David Copperfield and Ishmael are the two best books I ever read, except the Bible. The violin and guitar are my favorite musical instruments.

With best wishes to all.—Country Cousin.

I live in the good old Buckeye state, south of the little town of Caldwell. I have five pet lambs, and I think they are fine. They will come when I call them. I love music. My favorite instrument is the piano. I play it and my brother plays the violin. I want to teach music in the near future. Would any of the M. G. R.'s like to take lessons of me?

My mother died when I was fourteen years old, and my sister and I keep house for our father.—Agatha K.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

To Lottie, Illinois School Girl, Arthur Elliott, Olive Saurens, Miss Prudence wishes to say that she was glad to hear from you, and she hopes you will come again, when you have more to say for yourselves.

Mrs. A. Brush and Miss Eulia Persinger send kind words for the Household page, which are much appreciated.

From Irene Bosarge, of Alabama, we have this: "I am a great lover of music. I have a guitar and also a violin. I do not play the violin, but my brother plays it, and I the guitar. I live about three miles from a town on a farm. We have a very large farm and raise a great deal of stock."

An Oregon Girl says: "I like to have the M. G. R.'s tell about the country. Although I live in town, I love the country much better."

Pine Grover says: "Hurrah for Eagle Eye! If the dictates of his letter were followed there would be fewer wrecked lives and more happy marriages in the world."

Miss Prudence wishes to tell you, Pine Grover, that your first letter has only been "snowed under," and not forgotten or destroyed. Thank you for the words of the song.

Miss Nature—Always sign your real name in addition to the one for publication. We were glad to have your letter, but do not be discouraged if it is not published immediately. There are many letters ahead of yours, so you see each has to await its turn.

Letters were received during the past week from West. Va. School Girl No. 2, Country Schoolmaster, Lonely Widower, Arrah Wanna and An Illinois Pet.

Heather Bell—I'll be sure to look after the matter you refer to.

Outside the Fence

"The violet is a modest flower, ain't it?" The lady kneeling on the grass started and rose, and dividing the freshly gathered bunch of violets in her hand, offered half to the small girl, clinging like a limpet to the fence, whose longing eyes begged for them.

"I hope teacher will be pleased," she said.

"Why-ee!" marveled the child. "How'd you know I wanted 'em for teacher?"

"Oh, I just guessed," said the lady, laughing.

"But it was easy," she told a friend afterward; "it often is. Teacher's influence on the infant mind and vocabulary is specially in evidence since the day of nature study and school gardens came in; and then, there always have been the poets, and 'speaking pieces' in school. Only the other day a little freckle-nosed boy was fascinated by my long row of crimson tulips. He hung on the gate a long while in fascinated silence, and then:

"'Gee! Them are flowers!' he broke out, adding pensively, 'Spring brings all things beautiful.'

"Spring certainly does, and the violet really is a modest flower; but the trail of teacher was not difficult to follow. Another little chap was interested in the same gay tulips from a different standpoint.

"'All them grew up out'n a teenty seed,' he informed me, importantly, over the fence.

"'Most flowers do,' I agreed, 'but not these. These came out of a bulb.'

"'Nope. They got ter come out'n a seed. Teacher said so,' he insisted. There was one stray tulip out of line, and with a scoop of my trowel I lifted it, bulb and all.

"'Take that to teacher, and she'll explain,' I told him.

"He did, and she did; for next day he sang out as he passed:

"'You was right, but teacher was, too! You kin raise tulips outer seeds, only you don't.'

"The children pass my garden in troops—there are two schools not far away. Keen eyes watch and praise my succession of bloom, and shy little visitors have learned that when they ask for flowers for nature study or the drawing class, I will not begrudge my best; and bunches of my simpler, more abundant blossoms go often, clutched in eager hands, carrying—I hope she knows—a double message of friendly greeting to 'teacher.' A garden is a great maker of friends—even outside the fence."—Youth's Companion.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Name of Old Glory.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Old Glory! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?—

The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrow thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, any why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped like a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last.
And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or drop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God,
So I came by the name of Old Glory.

When Malindy Sings.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Goway an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practice twell you're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet and' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you in true,
When hit comes to raal right singin'
'Tain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music
Dat jes' strikes yu hea't and clings,
Jes you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah heahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, 'ain't you jokin', honey?
honey?
Well, you don't know whut you los'.
Y'ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robbins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Hush dey mouf's an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;—
Mockin' bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings—
Bress yo' soul—fu'gits to move em,
When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf an' hollahs,
"Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak, a-drawin' nean;
Den she tu'uns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
Wif de Master never counts?
Hush yo' mouf, I heah dat music,
Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God!

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan',
It seems holier dan evenin'
F'om de solemn chu'ch-bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
When Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin, hyeah me!
Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
Ez Malindy sings.

On the Field of Battle.

On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
'Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
'Til to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seemed to roam.

He, to whom you taught me, mother,
On my infant knees to pray,
Kept my heart from fainting, mother,
'Till the breaking of the day.
In the gray of morning, mother,
Comrades bore me to the town,
From my bosom tender fingers
Washed the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going, mother,
Going to a land of rest.
Kiss me as of old, dear mother,
Press me closer to your breast.
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your tenderness and care,
God uphold and bless you, mother,
In this bitter woe you bear.

Kiss for me my little brothers,
And my sisters loved so well,
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All for love to her and God.

Leaning on the merits, mother,
Of the one who died for all,
Peace be in my bosom, mother,
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to their music swell.
Now I leave you loving mother,
God be with you, fare-thee—well.

The Indian's Lament.

The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gaily as ever before,
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back
Each bird and each beast, it is blest in degree,
All nature is cheerful and happy but me.

I will go to my tent and lie down in despair,
I will paint me with black and will sever my hair,
I will sit on the shore when the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the tempest my woes.
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead,
But they died not by hunger or ling'ring decay—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

The snake-skin that once I so sacredly wore
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore;
Its charm I no longer obey nor invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke;
I will lift up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the blue-bird at night;
I will speak to the spirit that whispers in leaves
And ministers balm to the bosom that grieves;
And I will take a new Manitou, such as shall seem
To be kind and propitous in every dream.

Oh, then I shall banish the cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I will wash from my face every cloud-colored stain—
Red, red shall alone on my visage remain.
I will dig up my hatchet and bend my oak bow,
By day and by night I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains nor snows,
'Tis blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black,
I heard not their coming and knew not their track;
But I saw by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas,
My wife and my children—oh, spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to Gee-hale?

A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother.

I've been thinking of late
Of a time that's passed away,
Of friends in whom I could confide,
Of my dear old mother's knee,
Around which I used to play,
How I missed her sweet face when she died.
How well I loved her no one can tell,
Like her I can never love another;
It always gave her joy
To kiss her darling boy,
For a boy's best friend is his mother.

CHORUS.

So do what you can for her while she's here,
Don't trust in your sister or your brother,
Oh, the friend in my need
Was a friend to me indeed.
A boy's best friend is his mother.

When you're sick in your bed and your money is all gone,
Then by your friends you will be scorned,
But your mother she will watch by your bedside night and day,
And pray for you every eve and morn.
When you are in trouble on your friends you will call—
What good is your sister or your brother?
From you they'll turn away,
So remember what I say:
A boy's best friend is his mother.

So always try and treat your old mother with respect,
For she is the one who cares for you,
And when she is laid in her cold grave
Like her you will never find another,
And when the scented flowers so sadly o'er her wave,
You will find your best friend was your mother.

POEMS WANTED.

The recitation entitled Uncle Reuben's Baptism is requested.

The song Charlie Brooks is wanted. Part of its lines are these:

Here is the ring, dear Charlie,
Don't give it to her, I pray,
Unless you tell her it was mine, once,
And I've worn it a year, today.

Another song wanted contains these words:

From the bright cedar valley,
They tell me you're going,
I shall miss your blue eyes,
And bright smiles.

Mrs. S. S. H. asks someone to send the poem containing the lines:

Years bring forth fresh links to bind us, wife,
Young voices that are here;
Young faces round our fire that make
Their mother's yet more dear.

The poem Love Lightens Labor is wanted.

Does anyone know the old poem or song entitled, The Ocean Monowreck, of which one verse is something like this:

On the 24th of August last, this vessel she did start,
Well rigged was she, from stem to stern, and fitted up quite smart.

Can anyone send the words to the song of which the following is a verse:

When upon life's billows you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,
And you will be happy as the days go by.

Will someone send the song called The Lonesome Dove? Also the poem entitled She Sang to Him of Heaven, of which the following are three lines:

In a dark and dismal alley,
Where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little crippled lad named Tommy

Will someone please send the words of the poem of which the following is a part:

Ho all ye weary ones that grope,
Along this vale of tears,
Your minds ne'er filled with buoyant hope,
But with foreboding fears.

Can some reader furnish the words of the old song of which half of the first stanza is this:

If you'll listen awhile I'll sing you a song
Of this glorious land of the free.
The difference I'll show 'twixt the rich and the poor,
In a trial by jury, you see.

Who knows the words to an old song entitled The Sewing Machine? Some of the words are:

Got one? Don't say so, which kind did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?

A LITTLE CHAT.

Mrs. Martha A. Holloway—The poem in which is the line, "Bowed with the weight of centuries," is The Man With the Hoe, written by Edwin Markham. The Scotch poem and the others you request, I will try to get by inquiry in the Poets' Corner.

Mrs. Louise S. Wood—I fear Over the Hills to the Poorhouse is too long to print in our columns, but I will see what can be done for you.

S. S. Mason—Thank you for the story of James Bird.

We have many inquiries as to where the music of old-time songs may be obtained. Many of them are in books of collected songs. The best way to find out is to go to a music dealer. It is impossible for The Blade to furnish this information.

Songs received within the past week are: Jerusalem, My Happy Home; The Apprentice Boy; The Legend of the Northland; Write Me a Letter from Home; Castles in the Air; Flitting Away; When I Can Read My Title Clear; The Wandering Refugee; The Blind Child; and An Old Man's Story.

BABY'S ITCHING RASH

Face and Feet Covered—Rest Broken and Would Cry Till Tired Out—Immediate Relief and Speedy Cure by Using Cuticura.

"My baby was about nine months old when she had rash on her face and feet. Her feet seemed to irritate her most, especially nights. They would cause her to be broken of her rest, and sometimes she would cry until she was tired out. I had heard of so many cures by the Cuticura Remedies that I thought I would give them a trial. The improvement was noticeable in a few hours, and before I had used one box of Cuticura Ointment her feet were well and have never troubled her since. I also used it to remove what is known as 'cradle cap' from her head, and it worked like a charm, as it cleansed and healed the scalp at the same time. This may be the means of helping other suffering babies. Mrs. Hattie Currier, Thomaston, Me., June 9, '06."

BURYING POWDER VICTIMS

Mournful Day in Stricken Town of Fontanet.

Fontanet, Ind., Oct. 17.—Addison Webster and Samuel Cothrell employes of the Dupont Powder company, who were reported blown to pieces by the explosion of the plant, were found early today seated on a coffin in front of the undertaking establishment. Both had sons killed, and both had been seriously injured. Their appearance reduces the number of dead to 36, including two unidentified heaps of fragments.

The one little hearse of the town today began its mournful march to and from the cemetery. All funeral services were conducted under the direction of the United Powder and High Explosive Workers' union, No. 101, of which but six members out of 72 were able to take part. All others were killed or seriously injured. The powder company contributed $5,000 to the relief fund, and is paying all funeral expenses.

The search of the ruins of the plant for more fragments of bodies was continued today.

It is estimated that not more than one-third of the houses in the town can be repaired. Food and water are still scarce. Twelve hundred persons are being cared for.

FIVE JOCKEYS THROWN

In Hard Steeplechase at Windsor Track.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 18.—One boy with a broken collar bone and four that were lucky to escape whole formed part of yesterday's meeting of the "suicide club" at the Windsor track. Eight horses started in the steeplechase and at the end but three were on their feet with boys on their backs. Jockey Carrier had the mount on the Valley Farm stables' mare Snowdrift and when she tumbled he struck on his shoulder, breaking his collar bone.

Little Wally was the natural favorite in the race and won without a lot of trouble, going to the front when Jockey Pemberton was ready. At that Little Wally came very near losing his rider at the jump before the last, the momentary suspense giving courage to a large contingent that was down on Picktime. However, it was not to be, and Picktime finished fifteen lengths behind Little Wally with Amber the other one in the race.

FOUR DEAD; THIRTY HURT

As Result of Street Car Collision at Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 18.—Four persons were killed, ten are in a hospital and more than a score were more or less injured in a head-on collison of two Sherman Heights street cars on Harrison avenue, near the city limits, early today.

Confusion of signals is said to have been the cause of the accident. Both cars were running ata rapid rate into a curve in the track when the crash came. The incoming car was heavily loaded with persons on their way to work in the city, and most of those killed and injured were on this car. Both motormen were killed instantly. The dead:

Motorman Ed Parker; Motorman Will Pennington; Will E. Smith, a meat dealer; one negro named Cleveland.

The collision occurred during a heavy fog. One car was splintered badly, and the platform torn from the other.

REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE

Will Meet December 6 to Fix Date of Convention.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 21.—The Republican national committee will meet in this city December 6th and 7th for the purpose of deciding upon the place and time for holding the next Republican national convention.

Formal announcement was made last night by Harry S. New, acting chairman of the Republican committee.

New, who arrived here yesterday, held a conference with Elmer Dover, secretary of the committee, when the time for holding the meeting of the committee was decided upon. The official call for the meeting will be issued within a day or two. According to Mr. New, a number of cities have made formal application to secure the next convention, among them being Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Seattle, Atlantic City and Pittsburg.

FUND OF $8,260,305 RAISED

In One Year by Disciples of Christ in U. S.

Norfolk, Va., Oct. 16.—At today's session of the National Disciples of Christ, Rev. A. Hoffmann, of St. Louis, reported a grand total of $8,260,305 raised for all purposes, and from all sources by the Disciples in the United States last year. The new church constitution was adopted with the proposed amalgamation of the work of all state and national mission boards eliminated.

SMALLER WARSHIPS MORE SERVICEABLE

New Commander of French Mediterranean Squadron Disagrees With Other Naval Experts.

Paris, Oct. 21.—Admiral Germinet, the newly appointed commander of the Mediterranean squadron, totally disagrees with the naval experts of England, America and other countries who declare the heaviest battleships and the heaviest guns to be most serviceable in future naval warfare. Not larger ships and bigger guns, but smaller, fleeter vessels, capable of great mobility and armed with guns of smaller calibre, capable of more rapid fire. This, he contends, is the real lesson of the Russo-Japanese war. The English admiralty, he declares, built the Dreadnought upon a misapprehension of the reasons of the Japanese successes.

"Before obtaining complete information," says the admiral, "the English attributed the Russian disaster to Togo's tactics and the big guns with which his ships were armed. It was not true. I have recently obtained the proof from official documents. I do not question Togo's ability. I say only that the big artillery did not produce the effect anticipated. Had the English known the facts sooner, they would have modified the armament of the Dreadnought.

"At the beginning the Japanese used 305 millimetres (about 12 inch) projectiles, that is to say, projectiles loaded with a comparatively small amount of explosive.

"All their ships carried that ammunition at the battle of Tsushima. To that they owe their victory. The projectiles exploding on contact, gave off a prodigious amount of heat, which melted the hardest steel and produced volumes of deleterious gases which asphyxiated all who breathed them.

TALKS TO HUSBAND'S SPIRIT ON PHONE

Line From Widow's House Instructs Her to His Grave—He Instructs Her to Go West.

New York, Oct. 19.—Mrs. Mabel Varins left her New Jersey home, "The Cedars," yesterday, to take up her residence in Southern California.

"My dead husband's spirit bade me go," Mrs. Varins told her neighbors. "He chose the place where I am to live and awaits me there."

Mr. and Mrs. Varins, about six years ago, occupied "The Cedars," a cottage on the brow of Waukhaw mountain, about three miles from Jacksonville, N. J. Their new neighbors knew nothing of them, except that they were Spiritualists, and this because they were often invited to seances at "The Cedars." Some went and heard strange rappings and saw manifestations that scared them. So the Varinses made no converts.

Varins died about a year ago. His widow buried him a few hundred feet from the cottage on the land they leased. A telephone had connected the house with the barn, where the man-of-all-work slept. Mrs. Varins had the instrument taken from the barn and buried in her husband's grave. For months she passed most of the time talking through the 'phone in the house.

It was gruesome to watch her; she would speak into the phone, then she seemed to get an answer, which she would punctuate by saying "Yes, dear," or "No, dear." She told the neighbors she called up her husband and talked to him and asked them if they would like to talk to him.

Mrs. Varins was taken ill two months ago and was in bed six weeks. As soon as she could crawl to the telephone she called her husband.

"He did not answer," she told her nurse. "His spirit has left the grave."

Soon she said her husband had appeared to her during the night and told her he had been searching the world for an ideal dwelling-place for her and had found it in Lower California. From that day Mrs. Varins gained health and bodily strength; a fortnight ago she discharged her farm-hand; since then she has been selling her household goods.

Yesterday she obeyed the spirit-bidding.

TWO DARING AERONAUTS

Take Lahm Cup for Long Distance Flight.

St. Louis, Oct. 19.—Capt. Charles de F. Chandler, of Cleveland, the United States army aeronaut, is to all intents and purposes lost with his companion, J. C. McCoy and the signal corps balloon No. 10.

The two went up here Thursday afternoon, and yesterday they were reported from different points in Ohio, and later from West Virginia, but for hours there has been no word from this daring pair of record breakers. The last news received was in the middle of the afternoon when the balloon was seen to pass near Point Pleasant, W. Va., and go on its way up the Kanawha valley.

These air navigators, whether they have reached ground or not, have won the prize they started for, the Lahm cup. All others in the field which started for that trophy came down within a few hours, several of them within comparatively short distnces from this city.

The cup was won when Captain Chandler's balloon was reported near Point Pleasant, W. Va., a straight line distance of approximately 500 miles from St. Louis.

Lives at Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 19.—Captain De Forest Chandler, who broke the world's long distance balloon record, is the son of United States Marshal F. M. Chandler, of this city. Captain Chandler is 29 years old. He was educated in the public schools and at Case School of Applied Science. He enlisted in the Spanish-American war in the signal corps, and soon afterward received the commission of lieutenant.

DRIVE BOXERS TO HILLS

Seventy Insurgents Killed by the Imperial Troops.

Pekin, Oct. 17.—The imperial Chinese troops, detached from the Yang-Tse-Kiang valley cantonments since the anti-missionary outbreak at Nan-Kang-Sien, have driven the socalled Boxer rebels into the mountains, on the borders of Kwang-Tung. In an engagement at Chung-Yi the troops killed 70 of the insurgents.

Two steamers loaded with troops and escorted by four gunboats have arrived from Fu-Ling. The government has cashiered many officials in the south of China, believed to be connected with the revolutionary movement and especially with the anti-Manchu propaganda, headed by Sun-Yat-Sen.

200 MEN ARE ARRESTED

Charged With Taking Oysters From Great Bay.

Mt Holly, N. J., Oct. 17.—About 200 baymen were arrested today in and about Great bay, charged by the Sooy Oyster company with taking oysters belonging to that concern.

The Sooy Oyster company several years ago purchased from the state riparian rights to land under water in Great bay, at the mouth of Mullica river, about twelve miles north of Atlantic City, and planted many thousands of bushels of oysters on the ground. All the baymen along the coast, from Atlantic City to Barnegat, claim the state has no right to sell this privilege to a private corporation. The oysters now being ripe for market, the baymen on Tuesday began to gather in the bivalves, and up to this morning had taken about 10,000 bushels.

They were held for a hearing on Saturday at Port Republic. The baymen say they took the oysters in order to test the rights of the state to convey the land to private concerns. The oyster beds of Great bay, they contend, have always been open to all baymen.

ARRAIGNS FRANCE'S ARMY

Humbert Says War Department Eaten Up With Red Tape.

Paris, Oct. 19.—Charles Humbert, a radical Republican deputy from the Department of the Meuse and a former captain and staff officer of General Andre, the ex-minister of war, has published a sensational arraignment of the French general staff in a book entitled "Are We Defended?" in which he charges that the army is eaten up with red tape, that the fortresses on the German frontier are little better than cardboard fortresses, and that the whole machinery of war, from the batteries of artillery to the detraining equipment and underground telegraph, are utterly disorganized and falling into ruin.

CHIO AERONAUT'S ESCAPE

From Death Beneath Train Was Miraculous.

Norwalk, Ct., Oct. 18.—Charles Jewell, an aeronaut from Canton, O., who is making daily ascensions here, had his parachute ground to pieces beneath the Boston express yesterday afternoon, and only escaped a similar fate by letting go of the parachute and falling 40 feet. He struck a fence and was seriously injured.

Jewell has been a balloonist since a boy, but he states that he never had such a ticklish moment as when he saw himself descending directly in the path of the express going 60 miles an hour.

"My parachute has failed to open, gas bag has caught fire, and I have passed through thunderstorms, but give me all of them in preference to an express train. My only choice was drop. I tried to land in some bushes, but I struck on a fence."

RECEIVER FOR STANDARD

Also for the Corn Products Company.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—George F. Harding, of this city, today filed a bill in the Superior court asking for the appointment of a receiver for the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, and the Corn Products company of New Jersey.

Mr. Harding says in his bill that he is the owner of 500 shares of the capital stock of the Corn Products company, and that its management is practically controlled by the Standard Oil company.

P. O. RECEIPTS 15 CENTS A DAY; POSTMASTER QUITS.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 17.—Willis Cook, postmaster at Mount Carmel, has closed the office and put bars across the windows because he found his daily receipts have been averaging only fifteen cents.

The mail came yesterday, but Cook refused to receive it and the bags were brought back to New Haven, while Mount Carmel set up a clamor for its letters and newspapers and threatened to chastise Cook if he did not distribute the mail as usual.

Cook last night was notified that he had no right to give up his postoffice until his resignation had been accepted by the government, and that his bondsmen were liable to a heavy fine because he has made it impossible for the mail to be distributed.

Cook became dissatisfied with his job as postmaster when he was elected judge of the town court last week. His case may come up in his own court, to be transferred to the federal court.

ADMIRAL MELVILLE WEDS

Takes Bride in Little Church Around the Corner.

Philadelphia, Oct. 18.—Announcement was made here of the marriage in New York yesterday of Rear Admiral George W. Melville, U. S. N., retired, of this

REAR ADMIRAL MELVILLE

city, to Miss Estelia S. Polis, also of Philadelphia.

The ceremony was performed in the Little Church Around the Corner. Rear Admiral Melville retired in 1903. He is 66 years of age and was a widower.

CANADA MAKES RECORD FOR SPEEDY JUSTICE.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 18.—The swiftness of Canadian justice is proverbial, but a case in the criminal court yesterday probably holds the record, even for Canadian courts. Horace Mountain, a mail carrier, employed in collecting letters from street boxes, was arrested at 10:45 yesterday morning, charged with robbing the mails. At 11:10 he was arraigned before the magistrate, pleaded guilty, and within an hour from the time of his arrest had commenced serving a term of four years' imprisonment.

BRYAN IN NEW YORK.

New York, Oct. 21.—William J. Bryan arrived from the south today and registered at the Hoffman House, where some Democrats had gathered to greet him. Mr. Bryan was scheduled to address the pupils of the Destriking telegraphers today. Tonight he will speak at a mass meeting in Cooper Union. Mr. Bryan said his subject tonight would be "Democratic Politics as Applied to Modern Conditions."

SUSPENSION OF HEINZE

Sensational Developments Follow Big Copper Slump.

Montana Bank, Dependent on Copper, Closes Doors—Low Level Reached.

New York, Oct. 17.—The financial troubles growing out of the rapid decline in the price of United Copper shares, following an unsuccessful attempt to corner the stock, culminated today in the resignation of the presidency of the Mercantile National bank by F. Augustus Heinze and the announcement of the supension of Otto Heinze & Co. on the stock exchange. While the firm's suspension from the privileges of the exchange became effective at once, a representative of the Heinze interests said an assignment had not been made and that it was hoped to straighten out affairs in a short time.

F. Augustus Heinze, in his statement of resignation, said he retired from the presidency of the bank in order to be free to devote ample time to the task of rehabilitating his brother's firm. W. B. Ridgely, comptroller of the currency, has been invited to become president of the Mercantile National bank, but so far has not indicated whether he will accept.

Cause of Trouble.

The troubles of Otto Heinze & Co. and the failure of Gross & Kleeberg yesterday resulted from the generally unfavorable condition of the copper market. For months it has been understood in Wall street that curtailment of copper production and reduction of price were necessary.

United Copper, a Heinze property, declined sharply. Another feature of the day's copper news was the temporary suspension of the State Savings bank of Butte, a city which is dependent on the copper industry.

The stock market opened nervous and developed considerable weakness during the first hour. Later it became considerably firmer, but at 1:30 the tendency was again downward with Amalgamated Copper especially weak.

Day of Disaster.

Disaster yesterday overwhelmed the speculation in the United Copper company —the $50,000,000 Heinze copper holding and financing concern—and in the collapse of Heinze securities Gross & Kleeburg, brokers of the Montana mining men, were forced to the wall, while the firm of Otto Heinze & Co., bankers and brokers, was unable to fulfill demands made on it by fellow members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Effects of the collapse in the Heinze Copper company were most extensive. The ramifications of the enterprises of Frederick Augustus Heinze, the dominant spirit of the Heinze brothers since his entrance in banking institutions in this city, proved to be of such a character that the developments in United Copper sent a series of convulsions through the stock market.

Low Level Reached.

Enormous losses were sustained in mining stocks and leading railroad shares. The lowest level of the year was reached in the stock market. It was a day of semi-demoralization in Wall street. Many conferences were held during the day with a view to strengthening the banking situation, which had suffered by the developments of the day. United Copper dropped six points at the opening to 30, and before noon sold at $10 a share. The preferred stock dropped in a most sensational manner to 61, a loss of fifty points. Earlier in the day it had sold at 40 and the night before the stock had closed at 74.

GIVES $25,000 TO OBERLIN

Modest Boston Donor Aids Men's Building.

Oberlin, O., Oct. 17.—President King announced at chapel yesterday a gift of $25,000 for the proposed men's building which is to accomomdate the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations touching the social and everyday life of the men. The gift was presented by the "Boston donor who on similar occasions has refused to give out his name."

This donation raised the fund to approximately $40,000, and though the plans call for about twice the amount the last gift brings the much needed building into the horizon of the present generation.

DELEGATES ARE ARRESTED

On Charge of Accepting Bribes —Make a Denial.

St. Louis, Oct. 19.—Delegates Frederick W. Priesmeyer and Ferdinand Warder were arrested last night on the floor of the house of delegates on indictments for bribery. The indictments were returned at a special session of the grand jury after the pasage, by the delegates, of a bill granting permission to build a garage on Delmar boulevard. The men were taken to the Four courts and locked up. The indictments charge that the delegates received $500 for the passage of the bill. They deny the charge.

HARRIMAN IS AGREED

Assents to Terms Dictated by Former I. C. President.

Unless Portion of Shares Under Injunction Can Be Used Fish Will Win Contest.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—Stuyvesant Fish early today secured a postponement of the Illinois Central stockholders' meeting until December 18. The Harriman people agreed to the adjournment, although they had previously been anxious to push matters as rapidly as possible.

The decision to adjourn the meeting was the result of a conference at 3 o'clock this morning between William Nelson Cromwell, for Mr. Harriman, and former Judge E. H. Farrar, for Mr. Fish. The overtures came from Mr. Cromwell, who sought on the Fish people and declared that he wished to come to some sort of an agreement. He was informed by Farrar that the only agreement that could be reached was to accept the terms of Mr. Fish, which would be the adjournment of the meeting until December 18, and a decision of court, if the Harriman people so desired, to determine the right to vote the 286,731 shares of stock against which a temporary injunction was issued by Judge Ball a week ago.

After an extended conference Mr. Cromwell assented.

Committee at Work.

The proxy committee late last night had worked down to the names of stockholders beginning with the letter "T." The proxies under the letter "W." had previously been considered, leaving only five letters still to be passed upon.

Although none of those directly interested would give specific figures, it was understood that the total number of votes represented was not far from 400,000. Of this amount Mr. Fish, according to excellent authority, controlled about 250,000 and Mr. Harriman 210,000. There were not sufficient votes in the remaining letters upon which the committee still had to pass to overcome this lead of Mr. Fish, and it was evident that Mr. Harriman was beaten unless he could bring into the contest some portion of the 286,731 shares against which Judge Ball issued the injunction.

Mr. Fish this morning declined to discuss the situation, but was apparently highly pleased at the terms of the agreement. He sat upon a table in his rooms at the Auditorium, and, swinging his feet, was evidently in good humor. He declines to make any statement for publication, merely saying that he had secured every thing he wanted. Neither he nor his attorneys would make any statement as to the original propositions advanced by Mr. Cromwell, although they declared they were very different from those of the agreement finally signed by Mr. Cromwell and Mr. Farrar.

Up to Harriman.

The latter, in discussing the matter, said:

"The situation is now entirely up to Mr. Harriman and his attorneys. Whether or not they will fight the temporary injunction in the courts is for them to decide. I have not the most remote idea regarding their intentions. However, if they do not take action and fight the thing out in the courts before December 18 the injunction will stand, and no portion of the 286,731 shares can be voted."

HE CAN'T RECOVER DUTY

Payment Was Legal From Cuba During Occupancy.

Washington, Oct. 21.—In the case of Galban vs. the United States, which was decided by the supreme court of the United States today favorably to the government, the question at issue was whether duty could be properly collected at Cuban ports on articles shipped from the United States by a citizen of the United States while the island was under American control, as it was immediately following the Paris treaty of 1899. Galban was at the time engaged in business in Cuba, and claimed a refund of duty paid on $51,000 worth of merchandise on the ground that the treaty practically converted the island into American territory for the time being. The opinion was delivered by Chief Justice Fuller.

PASTOR RECOMMENDS DEATH FOR HERETICS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 17.—Robert M. Patterson, D. D., pastor of the Great Valley Presbyterian church, startled a large number of his brother ministers at their weekly meeting the other afternoon by advocating the death penalty for the assailants of women, the despoilers of homes and heretics.

"Every scoundrel, wealthy or poor," said Dr. Patterson, "who ruins a young girl by force I would have swept into eternity. I would hand over to the executioner the guilty party, making a divorce unnecessary. Murder should not be the only crime with a death penalty. Our penal code needs revision. Those who deliberately spread blasphemous heretical and immoral doctrines should also be put to death."

Woman Sues Alienists Who Adjudged Her to Be Insane

New York, Oct. 19.—Before Justice Morschauser in the supreme court at New City, a jury of Rockland county farmers was drawn in an action for $50,000 damages instituted by Mrs. Ellen E. Kenyon-Warner, a prominent educator and author of school books, against Dr. Flavius Packer and Dr. Sidney D. Wilgus, who, in 1904, adjudged her insane, and upon whose certificate Justice William J. Gaynor committed her to the state hospital for the insane at Middletown, N. Y.

Involved in the trial is the unusual legal question whether physicians who act as examiners in lunacy cases are liable to be mulcted in damages in the event of error in certifying that a person is insane.

In this case the physicians are charged with having "wilfully failed and neglected to use or exercise reasonable and ordinary care, skill and diligence to ascertain the plaintiff's true mental condition, but with gross and culpable negligence based their opinions upon false and interested statements made to them by the plaintiff's husband."

Elmer E. Warner, an electrical engineer, of Brooklyn, was the husband, and his motive for having his wife placed in an asylum was to sell her property, it is alleged. On Feb. 9, 1905, seven months after he had put his wife in the asylum, and two months after she had been discharged from the institution, Warner committed suicide in the Manhattan hotel, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Third avenue.

The defendants are widely known as alienists. Dr. Packer is proprietor of The Knolls, a private sanitarium in Yonkers. Dr. Wilgus, who is a brother of William J. Wilgus, chief engineer of the New York Central, is at the head of the state's board of alienists. He lives at No. 1 Madison avenue, this city.

Mrs. Warner, who is better known among educators by her maiden name of Ellen F. Kenyon, is the daughter of James Percival Kenyon, a Brooklyn newspaper man. She and her brother, Walter Kenyon, now an authority on manual training in San Francisco, were among the pioneers in the movement for educational reform that swept over the country twenty-five years ago.

Hitherto Unknown Chinese Republic Has Strange Laws

St. Petersburg, Oct. 16.—A hitherto unknown Chinese republic on Russian territory in the Far East is described in the Bourse Gazette. It is on the Iman river, between Bialy and Dyassyan, a barren country not far from Vladivostok, and is called the Republic of Iman. One of its laws, "the first law of the Turkey Red Fustian," contains the constitution and rules of conduct as follows:

"These are the laws approved by the celestial Chinese government. (Tun Ten Loo) for the Valley of the River Iman (Gunihui) and surrounding country:

"Brothers, we have taken the oath in the sight of Heaven to govern the Iman Valley and its neighborhood, the Chinese citizen-brothers and the Orochon heiots, as well as the guests and the newcomers among us, according to law and justice, and all violations of our statutes will be punished without the slightest clemency in accordance with the following rules:

"Gambling, cardplaying, keeping bank, etc., is permitted only one month in the year, from Nov. 15 to December 15. Those guilty of violating this rule shall be punished by a fine of 500 pounds of their movable property, a fat pig and 20 blows with a stick; this punishment shall apply only to gamblers who have not the right to gamble, not being registered in the list of 'Cross Brothers.' The bankkeeper, the house owner and the gambling clerk are equally subject to punishment.

"If any of our citizens shall steal sable skins from another's house or relieve the set traps of others of this valuable animal, or take it from another's grounds he shall be punished by burial alive. Whoever shall steal the precious Dghenshen root shall be put to death by drowning. Whoever shall steal pantiopium shall be buried alive.

"Guests shall have the right to three days' free board and lodging at every house in the republic, after which period they shall pay 40 copeks (20 cents) a day for food, and if they happen to arrive during the celebration of the Chinese New Year they must contribute 15 rubles ($7.50) for the celebration.

"Everybody shall keep a watchdog at his house; if he has none he must borrow one from his neighbor, and if such dog die the neighbor has no right to claim it back. Violation of this law is punishable by 40 blows with the stick."

SUPREME COURT DECIDES TAX CASE

Affirms Judge Grosscup, Holding Chicago Has No Right to Reassess Utilities Companies.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The cases of the county treasurer of Cook county, Illinois, against the various utility corporations of Chicago, involving the tax levy for 1900, were decided by the Supreme court of the United States today adversely to the city. The opinion of the court was delivered by Justice Peckham and affirmed the decision of Judge Grosscup as handed down in the United States Circuit court for the northern district of Illinois.

The companies affected are the Chicago Union Traction company, the Edison company, the Chicago City Railway company, the South Chicago City Railway company, the People's Gas Light company, the Chicago Telephone company, and the Chicago Consolidated Traction company.

The suits were brought by the utilities companies in the court to secure an injunction prohibiting the tax authorities of Cook county from enforcing a reassessment of taxes for 1900, which was undertaken on an order from the state Circuit court of Sangamon county, affirmed by the state Supreme court, after the taxes had been paid on the original assessment.

Judge Grosscup granted the prayer of the petitioners, holding that the original assessment was correct because it was based on the real net earnings of the companies, and declaring the second levy inequitable because it was founded on the stock exchange quotations of a single day. He also intimated in his opinion that undue influence had been brought to bear on the board of equalization to secure the increase made in the reassessment. The cases involved taxes on many millions of dollars' worth of property. Justices Holmes and Moody dissented.

TEMPERANCE PROBLEM

Munich Man Accounts for Sobriety of Europeans.

"We Don't Drink to Get Drunk and Never Treat," Is His Explanation.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 18.—While on an extended tour of the old countries, Dr. Abraham K. Yoosuf, who has just returned from abroad, became interested in studying the drinking habits of various nations and has come home with some ideas of his own on the subject.

"Contrasted with the German and Austrian method of imbibing spirituous liquors, the Americans drink too much, and their actions in general while in saloons partake more of the porcine nature than of sane human beings," said the doctor.

"We ought to take a few hints from our German and Austrian friends and learn to drink decently," said Dr. Yoosuf. Then, instead of making reservoirs of ourselves, we could imbibe as decent people should. Why, our custom of treating the crowd is abominable.

"In my opinion the temperance problem is the most vital thing in modern life in the United States," continued the doctor. "I did not see one drunken man during my whole stay on the continent. Here I can see them every minute in the day.

No Bars in Germany.

"When I first entered German territory I was struck by the absence of saloons as we have them. No bars were to be seen anywhere, and on inquiry I learned that there were none. Instead there were restaurants and gardens, where hundreds of men, women and children drank beer. All these places are eminently respectable and indecencies are never either seen or heard anywhere.

"As they are at present working, it will be impossible for temperance laborers to accomplish anything in America. They have taken the wrong tack. Owing to the American thirst for liquor and the high tariff now charged by the government, I don't think that they can put a stop to the traffic.

"I have two or three reasons to account for the difference between the prevalent American wholesale swilling of whisky and beer and the sober behavior of Germans and Austrians regarding taking drinks. The latter don't creep stealthily into a bar and drink. They do it in the open, where the public sees what is going on.

"They all drink beer—men, women and even children. It is a family matter, and each drinks in a sufficient quantity and then leaves off. Americans gulp beer down; besides, they are secretive about it.

No Treating the Crowd.

"In Europe there is no such thing as treating the crowd. Our custom is bad. A man enters a bar and sees his friends lined up for a drink. Some one says, 'Have a drink on me,' and then the desire to treat circles around the gang. Half or all of them are drunk at the end. In Germany, on the contrary, each man pays for his own beer, which is much better than our custom. They pay their individual bills, drink as much as they want to and then go home in a sober condition. They enjoy themselves. We are hoggish and don't enjoy our drinks.

"I was at the Hofbrau Platz in Munich where was seated, at one time, 3,000 persons drinking beer. Women were just as numerous as the men. It took the crowd, on an average, fifteen to twenty minutes to drink one glass of beer. Americans would have swallowed it like lightning. Germans sip the stimulant gradually, getting the full taste, as we do our wine.

Cause of Conditions.

"Of one man in Munich I asked the question: 'Why is it that there are so many drinking here and you have no intoxicated persons?' He answered with three reasons. He said first that Germans did not drink to become drunk. Secondly, he said, they drink only small quantities and do it slowly, thus missing the intoxicating results of the beer. Thirdly, he thought that the absence of drunks was to be ascribed to the fact that treating was unknown.

"It was the same all over the Continent. There they drink for a social chat. Americans in Europe get tipsy and make themselves the laughing stock of the natives. They call for cocktails and gin and champagne and become shot up good and hard. In many cities they have signs over the restaurants, 'American saloon—American drinks.' That means that the proprietor is catering to the American love of whisky and is making our thirst for liquor put shekels in his pocket.

Saw No Drunkenness.

"While in Vienna I visited Venedic, the Coney Island of Austria. I looked for drunks, but saw none. I saw Germans and Austrians drinking champagne. Six of them drank one bottle in how long do you think? Two hours. I watched them and noted the time. Here they would have gotten tight in a short time. Ten bottles would have followed the first inside of less than two hours.

"If I was a temperance evangelist I would first teach the people the harmfulness of too much drink. Later, I would tell them how they could drink in moderation and get more pleasure out of it. I would tell them not to be hogs, but to be men. Educate the public mind and moderation follows. One of these days I expect to see restaurants and gardens after the German fashion in the city of Worcester."

STAGE COACH IS HELD UP

Robber Sat on Hidden Money and Didn't Know It.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 21.—The Murray stage, used for the conveyance of passengers between Bingham Junction and Sandy, was held up by a masked robber yesterday at Loendahl. Only $12 was obtained from the party, but the driver secreted a considerable sum of money under the seat of the stage. Thinking he had obtained everything of value, the bandit took a place alongside the driver, sitting on the secreted money, and rode with the party to the end of the stage line, where he dismounted and escaped.

AGAINST CHURCH UNION.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 21.—Congregational churches of Dallas, acting with unanimity, voted adversely on the proposed plan of union with the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant churches.

REVEAL CHADWICK STORY

Dead Convict's Deposition to Be Read in Court.

Chadwick Bank Books Showing Large Deposits Supposed to Be Forgeries.

Pittsburg, Oct. 21.—Thomas W. Welsh, Jr., second vice president of the Second National bank, of Pittsburg, has denied emphatically that some of the contents of the deposition made by Mrs. Chadwick while in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., to A. Leo Weil, of this city, attorney for Mrs. W. C. Jutte, in the litigation which is pending against James W. Friend and James N. Hoffstot, have been made public. The deposition has been kept sealed, but it is said Mrs. Chadwick swore Friend and Hoffstott loaned her various sums aggregating $800,000. The Jutte case will be argued before the supreme court in Philadelphia today when it is expected the deposition will be made public.

Beckwith's Confession Secret.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 21.—The confession of Beckwith, the Oberlin banker, which first laid bare to federal officials the huge financial transactions of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, will remain a secret of the government. United States Marshal Frank M. Chandler, to whom the confession of the Oberlin banker, now dead, was made, returned from Washington today where he laid before the department of justice the question of whether the Beckwith stenographic statement made to Marshal Chandler should be given out for publication. Mr. Chandler says that the creditors of Mrs. Chadwick have unceasingly harassed him recently to make it public, but that he has never done so for the reason that it would injure innocent persons. The department of justice, Mr. Chandler says, informed him that the matter was wholly optional with him, and that he will continue to suppress it for the reason that the charges contained in it against many persons, while they were believed by Beckwith to be true, were false. "Beckwith accented Mrs. Chadwick's stories about people," said Mr. Chandler, "just as he did about her money and he was badly fooled. It would not be right, however to have these people's names hawked about and these stories go out seriously reflecting upon them when everyone of the charges has since been refuted by the most conclusive evidence."

Nathan Loeser, receiver in bankruptcy for the Chadwick estate, when informed that the Pittsburg bank officials denied that Mrs. Chadwick had an account with the Second National bank, of that city, and that the pass book showing $305,000 deposits must be a forgery, replied that he now expected that all of the pass books of the estate with other banks would also prove worthless. Mr. Loeser also coincided in the statement of Marshal Chandler that there are no assets in sight belonging to the estate.

TWENTY ARE DROWNED

Danish Steamer Wrecked Off Coast of Scotland.

London, Oct. 18.—The Danish steamer Alferd Eerlandsen has been wrecked on the rocks off Castle Point, near St. Abb's Head, Scotland. She went ashore during a gale last night, and twenty of her crew were drowned. A lifeboat which spent the night looking for the survivors had a narrow escape, being frequently swept by heavy seas.

WILL GIVE UP PRINCESS

Signora Tosselli Consents to Terms of Court of Dresden.

Florence, Oct. 19.—Acting upon the advice of friends and after a conversation with an envoy from the court of Dresden, Signora Toselli, Countess Montignoso, has finally consented to give up Princess Anne Monica Pia at the end of this month.

Signora Tonselli will be allowed to have the princess with her one month out of every twelve, and she will see her other children once a year. Her pension from the Saxon court will be continued.

WATERWAY SYSTEM PLAN

Inland Commission Ready to Submit Report.

Though a Costly Scheme, It Will Pay for Itself, Say the Commissioners.

Washington, Oct. 21.—An outline of the report which the inland waterway commission will make has been made public. With the deep water way from the lakes as the central artery the commission will advocate the permanent improvement of all navigable rivers in the Mississippi valley, the deepening of existing canals and the building of others, so that the country may be given the most direct water connection between the chief local points of trade.

To Be a Network.

It is to be a network uniting the Great Lakes with the Mississippi Valley streams, and the latter with each other, and Hudson bay and the gulf, and linking the mouth of the Mississippi by the "western inner passage" with all the Texas ports and the Rio Grande, and by the "eastern inner passage with Mobile bay and through the Suwanee river, across Florida, with the Atlantic seaboard; a network also annihilating the distance around Delaware, connecting Delaware bay and Raritan bay by cutting across New Jersey, connecting Delaware bay and Chesapeake bay by improving the existing Delaware and Maryland canal.

The whole is to be rounded off by cutting through the Isthmus of Cape Cod and affording a short route from Long Island Sound into Massachusetts bay and Boston harbor.

But one important point is yet undecided. Several members of the commission favor a direct recomendation of a bond issue large enough—$200,000,000 is mentioned—to furnish the funds to start the great work. Fearing the criticism which usually follows the suggestion of a bond issue, other commissioners hesitate at the proposition.

The commission will point out that the whole scheme, though so enormously costly in its totals, will pay its own way in the end. Dams, where needed, will develop water power to pay for their construction. Lockage fees at locks will pay for the locks. Tolls can be made to defray the cost of canals.

Report Next Month.

The inland commission's report will be promulgated, in full, late in November. It will be followed by the President's mesage. Then on December 3 the rivers and harbors congress will assemble, an organization in which are represented the foremost business interests of the country and which devotes its influence toward furthering the cause of river and harbor improvement. Early in January, on special call of the President, a "transportation conference" and conference on conservation of natural resources will be held.

WILL RELEASE WALLINGS

Police So Inform U. S. Charge at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 21.—The director of the secret police today informed the United States charge d'affaires, Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., that Mr. and Mrs. Walling would be released tonight or tomorrow, intimating that it would be desirable for them both to leave Russia permanently if they wished to avoid further embarrassment. Strunsky will be held in custody until the extent of the implication of the Finnish revolutionists is ascertained. The authorities possess to be greatly alarmed at the activities of the Russo-Finnish revolutionists, whose headquarters are in Finland, claiming that Helsingfors is the center from which terrorists operations are directed.

ENTERTAIN NEGRO BISHOP

Much Comment Aroused Over Bishop Potter's Dinner.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 19.—Bishop and Mrs. Potter, of New York, who have leased a residence here during the general convention of the American Episcopal church, last evening entertained at dinner Bishop Ferguson, of Africa, the only negro entitled to a seat in the house of bishops at the convention.

The dinner in honor of the African bishop, occurring as it has in the heart of the south, has been the occasion of considerable comment among those who have heard of it.

LARGER THAN LUSITANIA

New Hamburg-American Liner to Be of 47,000.

Berlin, Oct. 17.—Director Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, was quoted yesterday in an interview published in the Zeit of Vienna, as admitting the report that his company intended to build a steamer of 47,000 tons, larger than the Cunard liner Lusitania, to be driven by a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines.

DUG UP $10,000 IN RUSTY TIN CAN

At Least Dane Says He Did, and All Sparrowbush Is Now Digging.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 16.—Following the announcement that David Howland, a contractor and bridge builder of Tunkhannock, Pa., who is constructing a one-story and sequel hotel at Sparrowbush, half a mile from here, had while excavating carelessly shoved the pointed end of his pick into a rusty old tin box which contained, so David deposes, $10,000 in cash and securities, all roads led to Sparrowbush.

Armed with everything that could make a dent in the soil, some of our best citizens took up the line of march, the styles in stabbers running from table forks to lightning rods. Amos Plubber

DIRECT FROM THE DISTILLERY

ELEDA

PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY

4 FULL QTS. $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it and if you do not find it all right and the best you ever tasted, send it back to us at our expense and your $3.00 will be promptly refunded. Isn't that a fair offer?

Remember we control the output of one of the largest Distilleries in Pennsylvania, where the finest Rye Whiskey in the world is produced, so that when you buy from us, you save the enormous profits of the dealers, and avoid all chances of adulteration. You are sure to get our whiskey just as it comes from the Distillery without being tampered with in any way.

Orders for Ark., Cal., Col., Fla., Ida., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., New Mexico, N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Texas, Utah, Wash. Wyo., or La. must call for twenty quarts or more by freight prepaid.

MORRIS FORST & CO., 222 Smithfield St. Pittsburg, Pa.

Roosevelt Reiterates Stand Against Business Dishonesty

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 22.—President Roosevelt in his speech at the Auditorium here today, said:

"There has been trouble in the stock market, in the high financial world during the past few months. The statement has frequently been made that the policies for which I stand, legislative and executive, are responsible for the trouble.

"Now, gentlemen, these policies of mine can be summed up in one brief sentence. They represent the effort to punish successful dishonesty. I doubt if these policies have had any material effect in bringing about the present troubles, but if they have it will not alter in the slightest degree my determination that for the remaining sixteen months of my time these policies shall be persevered in unswervingly."

PLOT AGAINST THE CZAR

Apprehension Aroused Over Arrest of Two Suspects.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 22.—Considerable apprehension has been aroused in this city by an ominous discovery made which points to the possibility of another plot against the life of the Emperor of Russia.

General Kristi, ex-governor of Moscow, went hunting Sunday in the Ochocichy forest, near Tsarskoe-Selo. His dogs discovered the entrance to an underground tunnel, which had been concealed from view by a number of planks covered with earth. The entrance is 400 yards from the Pavlovsk railroad, which runs direct from St. Petersburg to Tsarskoe-Selo.

An examination of the tunnel led to the arrest of two men who were found in the act of digging with sapping tools and the finding of some suspicious documents.

AMERICANS RELEASED.

William Walling and Wife Out of Russian Jail.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 22.—William English Walling of Indianapolis, his wife, and his wife's sister, Rose Strunsky, who were arrested and taken to jail, because of their association with members of the Finnish Progressive party, were released last evening. The police found nothing among the papers of the trio to warrant detaining them. No conditions are attached to the release, but Mr. and Mrs. Walling and Miss Strunsky intend to leave St. Petersburg on Wednesday. They say they have practically finished their work in Russia. All their papers and manuscripts have been restored to them.

The officials express regret at the arrest which, they say, was ordered upon the report of an over-zealous spy, who had been shadowing the Finnish revolutionists with whom the Americans had been associated. The two women prisoners were confined for the 24 hours in a prison overcrowded with young women revolutionists.

LOVING CUP GIVEN TAFT

Great Demonstration at Manila in Honor of Secretary.

Manila, Oct. 22.—There was a great demonstration last night in honor of Secretary of War William H. Taft, the occasion being a banquet arranged by a committee composed of members of the Manila assembly. The secretary was cheered for five minutes when introduced, with the statement that "There is no man to whom the Philipines owe more than to the President of the United States." The native islanders being particularly demonstrative.

A silver loving cup, of native make, was presented to the secretary, who, in expresing his thanks, said he was gratified when he heard Osmena say the United States had kept its every promise made to the Filipinos in letter and in spirit. He urged the importance of education, in order to overcome the tendency to blindly follow one man.

THIEVES MAKE RICH HAUL

Steal $10,000 Worth of Antique Statuary and Fixtures.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Mrs. Edward F. Qualtrough, wife of Commander Qualtrough, U. S. N., supervisor of the New York harbor, yesterday reported to the police that her residence in the northwest section of this city, had been entered by thieves, who carried away about $10,000 worth of antique bronze statuary, pedestals and fixtures. The French embassy formerly occupied the house, which has been vacant for some time. There is no clue to the thief.

Are You a Man

My Dear Brother: Are you the strong and kingly man you ought and want to be, or have the reckless acts of by-gone days brought loss of strength and thrown your nervous system out of tune? Do advancing years make work go hard; are you lost to men's delights because of lack of vim and vigor? Then use my

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

The same Wonder-Workers, advertised in the same papers, and sold by the same man from the same place for 8 years, during which scores of medical frauds have busted or gone to jail. My Wonder-Workers do not contain any poison, and they do not excite. They build up, strengthen, cure. Their use, one tablet at a dose, three times a day, cured over 600,000 cases of Weak Back, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele, Low Vitality, Weak Organs, Nervous Debility, Lost Ambition and Kidney and Bladder Troubles in Men of All Ages during the past 8 years easier, quicker and cheaper than they could have been cured in any other way; and on my honor as a man I tell you that you can be a man of vim and vigor if you, too, use

Beck's Wonder-Workers or Men

Be a strong, peerless, fearless, nervy, manly man, and hold high carnival with perfect health. The price is **Only One Dollar** per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense, or $1.15 by mail in plain, sealed package prepaid. If you order please **mention this paper.** I give men a square deal and am your friend. **GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, O.**

BROTHERS' ARMIES FIGHT

Pretender Defeats Forces of Morocco's Sultan.

Tangier, Oct. 22.—The first conflict between the forces of the rival sultans, Abd-El-Aziz and Mulai Hafid, took place October 17, near Hettat, between Shawta and Mequinez, according to reliable reports received here from Mazagat, with the result that a detachment of troops fighting with Mulai Hafid, the sultan of the south, and consisting of eight regiments under Mulai Rachid and known as the first division, defeated the forces of Abd-El-Aziz, the sultan of the north, and captured Caid Bushta Bagdani, the commander-in-chief of all Abd-El-Aziz's forces in the field.

The favorable effect of this victory to the cause of Mulai Hafid is incalculable.

CARLETON TO BE AT HOME

Poet to Be the Guest of Hillsdale College.

Hillsdale, Mich., Oct. 22.—Will Carleton, the poet and lecturer, as guest of Hillsdale college, his alma mater, will be "at home" to his friends and readers at his birthplace two miles east of Hudson, Mich., on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway, Saturday. Exercises will be held at the homestead, at his boyhood schoolhouse, and at a nearby Grange hall, Mr. Carleton reading, speaking and freely mingling socially.

The trains, except fast mails and late evening trains, will stop within ten rods of the homestead. The main body of the party from the west will purchase tickets to Clayton, Mich., at regular rates, go by train leaving Elkhart at 5 a. m., arriving at the homestead at 8:15 a. m., and on return leave at 12 m., noon, and 3:32 p. m. Those from the east will get tickets to Hudson, Mich., by trains leaving Toledo at 8:05 and 10:30 a. m., and on return take trains at the homestead at 2:21 p. m.

BURGLAR ASKED DAMAGES

Returned After Being Shot in Ear and Was Captured.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 22.—Because he returned to the house, in which he was shot in the ear in the act of lunching after rifling it, to demand damages of the owner, Frank Provock now finds himself behind bars, charged with burglary and larceny.

After filling a bag with silver and other valuables Provock sat down to eat cold meats and other food in the home of Paul J. Beitt, 812 Jefferson avenue, late at night. Beitt returned to find the stranger at his board. The burglar blew out the lone lamp, but Beitt fired in the darkness. Three hours later Beitt, aroused by a persistent rapping at the door, faced the man who had escaped.

"You've got to pay me for wounding my ear," the visitor said.

"Well, you've got a nerve," said Beitt.

The man ran, but Beitt and a policeman caught him and he was locked up.

NINETEEN PERSONS DEAD

Result of Shrewsbury Wreck—No Explanation of Cause.

Shrewsbury, England, Oct. 16.—The latest reports from the scene of the wreck yesterday say that nineteen persons were killed while thirty-nine others were injured. There is still no explanation of the causes of the accident. It is believed, as this is the third accident of a similar kind within a year to a train entering a station on a curve, the cause may be the failure of the vacuum brakes to respond.

MISSED BY FOUR MILES

But at That Kapferer Was Declared the Winner.

Paris, Oct. 22.—M. Kapferer, pilot of the airship Ville de Paris, has won the regular autumn competition of the Aero club of France. Four balloons sailed away from St. Cloud in this competition. Before starting each pilot handed to the secretary of the club a sealed envelope in which was the name of the place he purposed to land, the winner to be the man who came down nearest to his objective point. Mr. Kapferer landed within four miles of the place he indicated.

ROOSEVELT SAVES TREES

Directs Historic Trees Be Left Standing Awhile.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Acting Secretary of War Oliver has received a telegram from Assistant Secretary Latta, who is with President Roosevelt, directing him to suspend action in the matter of cutting down any historic trees in the botanical grounds here to make a site for the Grant statue until President Roosevelt returns to Washington. General Oliver has transmitted this message to General Granville M. Dodge, the president of the statue commission at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and suggested that he communicate directly with President Roosevelt.

STOCK IS DEMORALIZED

National Bank Refuses to Act for Knickerbocker.

This Action, Together With Barney's Resignation, Served to Make Wall Street Nervous.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Acting upon advices from New York regarding the financial situation there, Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou will leave for New York at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

LOANS AT 70 PER CENT.

A loan of $200,000 was made on the Stock Exchange shortly after 2 o'clock at 70 per cent. Several bankers formed a pool of $4,000,000 which was loaned at between 40 and 50 per cent.

New York, Oct. 22.—The Knickerbocker Trust company, the second largest trust company in New York city, with deposits amounting to about $60,000,000, closed its doors at 12:30 this afternoon, following a steady run of persons who called to withdraw their deposits.

The company officials declared that the suspension of payment was only temporary.

The closing of the doors of the institution was attended with sensational scenes at its main banking room and the Harlem branch. Depositors who crowded the rooms clamoring for their money were insistent that they be permitted to withdraw even a few dollars, and when this request was refused many refused to leave the building.

Called in Police.

Police assistance was necessary to preserve order. At the main office, Fifth avenue and 34th street, after the doors were closed, the crowd surged inward. The police forced them back to the street again and from that time a guard was kept in front of the entrance.

The stock market was very weak and declined sharply despite early efforts to support it.

Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou announced from Washington that he would support the New York city national banks and it was understood that he would order the deposit of $6,000,000 of government funds in this city as soon as satisfactory security for the sum should be received.

Excitement Marked Opening.

New York, Oct. 22.—Excitement amounting almost to alarm, marked the opening of business today in Wall street. The stock market opened demoralized under heavy selling by brokers in all departments of the exchange, and at the same moment a run of considerable proportions was being made on the various offices of the Knickerbocker Trust company. At the main office, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, more than 150 persons were in line at 10:30, and there was a line of carriages in waiting extending for more than a block.

Wild Break in Prices.

The stock market opening showed severely the effect of the renewed shock to confidence caused by the spread of financial distrust by the published details of the affairs of the Knickerbocker Trust company. Prices broke widely on the opening transactions under this outpouring of stocks, but almost immediately rallied. The rebound approximated from one-fourth to one-half of the first break.

The news made public last night and printed in the newspapers today that the National Bank of Commerce yesterday gave notice that it would decline any longer to act as clearing house agent for the Knickerbocker Trust company, and the resignation of Charles T. Barney from the presidency of the latter institution, served to unsettle sentiment more than the Morse-Heinze developments of last week.

Second Break.

After the severe setback at the opening, prices of stocks rallied, this being followed by another break. The second break in turn was succeeded by a good rally, the decline having been arrested before the previous low levels generally were broken through. With this demonstration of the effectiveness of support for the market, a somewhat more tranquil feeling resumed.

Ridgely Hopeful.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely, in speaking of the financial situation in New York, today said:

"My advices from New York this morning are reassuring, and the situation there should now improve. The storm has broken and without any failures of the national banks, which have lately been critical. The clearing house confirms my reports that these banks are all solvent and standing by them."

No Alarm in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 22.—Officials of the local trust companies and bankers and brokers along Griswold street say they anticipate no effect locally from the developments concerning the Knickerbocker Trust company of New York. But one local bank carries an account with the Knickerbocker Trust company, and at this institution it was said the account was small and that the developments there could be of no effect here.

Quiet at Cleveland.

Cleveland, Oct. 22.—The flurry in New York apparently had no effect in financial circles here today. On the Cleveland Stock Exchange quotations during the morning remained at about yesterday's closing.

Lower at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Oct. 22.—Conditions of the New York financial situation were somewhat reflected in the local market here today, all stocks opening at a lower figure. During the past few days the most noticeable feature has been the appearance of small investors, who sought to take advantage of the low prices. This was not in evidence today, there being less evidence of a desire for investment at even the low prices.

OHIO AUTOIST KILLED

Was Racing Machine With Friends in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—While racing an automobile on Michigan boulevard early today, Adrian Sibson, 20 years old, of Cleveland, son of a prominent real estate dealer, was killed and five companions were injured.

OCEAN LINER GOES ASHORE

Accident Occurs in Fog—500 Passengers Aboard.

Malmo, Sweden, Oct. 22.—The Russian steamer Lituania, from Libau for Copenhagen and New York, and having about 500 passengers on board, went ashore off Skillinge today, during a thick fog.

ROOSEVELT IS WELCOMED

Is Given Great Reception by People of Nashville.

Confederate Veterans Receive Him in Line, and Later He Leaves for East.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 22.—Never before was Nashville so elaborately decorated as it was today to give welcome to President Roosevelt. Bunting, flags, banners and pictures of the President were on almost every house in the uptown section of the city, which was crowded with people from a radius of a hundred miles.

When the special rolled into the union station it was greeted with booming cannon, clanging bells, screaming whistles and the cheering of thousands of people.

The procession was through streets lined with great and enthusiastic crowds. It was headed by the President's carriage in which Governor Patterson and Samuel Douglass, president of the board of trade, also rode. Then followed a battalion of the state guard, a company of Confederate veterans uniformed, and state and city officials. At one point the President was greeted by thousands of public school, university and college pupils who sang patriotic songs as he passed.

Near the state capitol the parade was stopped to enable the President to view the tomb of President James K. Polk, after which the march to Ryman Auditorium continued. As the President entered the auditorium the immense audience arose and gave him a welcome that he will not soon forget. Governor Patterson welcomed the President in a brief speech, and the President's address followed.

President Roosevelt then proceeded in an automobile to the Hermitage, the home of President Andrew Jackson, twelve miles from the city. He was followed by a long line of carriages and automobiles.

On returning to the President's train at the Hermitage station the party stopped at the Tennessee soldiers' home. The Confederate veterans received the President in line, and requested his autograph which was written in a register prepared for the occasion.

The special train left immediately for Chattanooga.

BANK ROBBERY FAILED

By Chance Express Company Prevented Big Theft.

Telephone Used in Scheme to Get $15,000—Sandusky Plot Failed, Too.

Akron, O., Oct. 22.—The police claim that only chance prevented a big robbery here yesterday. The Commercial bank of Cleveland was asked over the telephone by a man purporting to be George Bates, cashier of the Second National bank here, to send the institution here $15,000 immediately by the Adams Express company. The money was sent at once, and upon its receipt at the express office here officials of the Adams company were asked over the telephone to send it to the Second National bank by a messenger boy. Instead it was delivered by one of the company's drivers. Officials of the Second National bank were surprised when it was delivered, as they had asked nobody for money.

A few minutes afterward another telephone message, sent by a man who claimed to be at the Adams Express office, brought the news that the money had been delivered to the wrong bank, and asked that it be returned, but suspion had been aroused, and the money was locked up in the vault.

It is thought that a holdup had been planned and was frustrated by the wagon driver delivering the package instead of a messenger. Secret service men are at work on the case.

This attempt at robbery is almost identical with that at Sandusky on Saturday last, when a man who said he was Fred P. Zollinger, cashier of the Third National bank, ordered by phone $15,000 shipped by the Lake Shore Express from the First National bank of Cleveland. His scheme failed, as the outgoing train did not carry express, and Cashier Zollinger was so notified.

FALLS UNDER WRECK

Double Disaster on Erie Road at Cleveland.

Life Saving Crew Rescues Other Injured Victims From the Cuyahoga.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 22.—Crumbling from the impact of a wreck, the Erie railroad bridge over the Cuyahoga river near Broadway, fell into the water last night, clogging the river with debris and causing at least one death.

A freight train left the tracks while crossing the bridge and collided with a yard engine. Wreckage was piled high in the air, when suddenly, almost without warning the pivotal bridge collapsed.

The accident was witnessed by scores, who assert that others than those officially accounted for were seen writhing in the mass of twisted steel and then plunged to death in the water beneath.

A freight train loaded with iron ore started across the bridge from the west side at 4:45 p. m. Shortly after reaching the stationary span the locomotive left the track and went plunging and bumping over the bridge to the eastward.

A yard engine coming from the east was struck. There was a crash and the splitting of twisted timbers and steel. The cars were telescoped. The weight on the middle span was too great. An ominous rumble followed and cars heaped upon cars. Those looking on from the safety of the banks cried out in horror, whistles of near by steamers shrieked in distress and many rushed to the rescue.

When the bridge gave way Daniel O. Murphy, conductor of the ore train, was seen clinging to a steel girder with huge timbers tumbling about him. Soon the relentless, twisting debris fell upon him. His arms were cut off and he was plunged headlong into the Cuyahoga—just as the echo of cheers of encouragement came. He was dead when the awestruck spectators pulled the body from the water.

Small boats from the barge Dwight G. Cutler and other craft in the river put out to save those struggling in the river.

Pandemonium reigned for a short time, but the coolness of the life-saving crew [illegible] chaos. The [illegible] were: Oliver Sullivan, 40, who is foreman of the Erie track gang, cut on the shoulders; Aiva Beckwith, 26, fireman, cut on the head, and Elmer Kearns, engineer of the eastbound engine, whose injuries are serious.

The crew of the yard engine, C. Loveland, engineer, and W. C. Rose, fireman, escaped without injury. There were many remarkable escapes.

MUST WATCH HIS CHILDREN

Parent Not Excused Because He Didn't Know of Need.

Columbus, O., Oct. 22.—The supreme court rendered a judgment today in the case of the state vs. Howard Teal, of Perry county, to the effect that a parent prosecuted for failure to care for minor children, whether they are legitimate or illegitimate, can not plead in defense that he did not know they were in need of care.

OHIO MAN ELECTED.

Denver, Col., Oct. 22.—Stockholders of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company yesterday elected L. M. Bowers, of Cleveland to succeed Colonel R. C. Clowry, of New York, who resigned as a director. This was the only change in the directory.

THE BIG BALLOON RACE

German Contestants Make for Upper Air Currents.

Throng of 100,000 Persons See Spectacular Start of the Race at St. Louis.

Springfield, O., Oct. 22.—One of the St. Louis balloons passed over this city at noon. It sailed at the rate of 25 miles an hour, in a northeasterly course, at an altitude of 500 feet.

Was German Balloon.

Springfield, O., Oct. 22.—The balloon which passed here at 12:10, going east, was the "Pommern." A letter was dropped a mile east of the city and was picked up by an auto party from the Oscar Lear company, which followed eastward expecting something to be dropped. The letter was addressed to the Aero club, New York city.

A note which was attached said they had dropped 30 bags of sand and that they had only 2,000 pounds left.

Dayton Sees Racer.

Dayton, O., Oct. 22.—A yellow racing balloon passed north of Dayton at 11:25 a. m., traveling northeast at good speed.

In Tennessee, Too.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 22.—A long distance telephone message was received here this morning from Union City, Tenn., that one of the St. Louis balloons passed over there at 9:45 a. m., traveling rapidly southeast.

Over Lake Michigan.

Washington, Oct. 22.—One of the competing balloons from St. Louis, that piloted by Major H. B. Hershey, of the weather bureau, is reported to have begun passing over Lake Michigan. The report came in a dispatch received today by Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, from observer Bowie, at St. Louis, as follows: "Major Herschey reported to have started across Lake Michigan from Zion City, just north of Chicago, this morning. I think he will make a record trip.

Seen at Peru, Ind.

Peru, Ind., Oct. 22.—Great interest was taken here this morning in the international balloon race, when pink and gray balloons passed over Peru. Schools were dismissed and factories shut down in order to give all a chance to see the race. The balloons were making about ten miles an hour and going southeastward.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 22.—At 9:45 this morning a balloon passed a short distance north of Plainwell, eleven miles north of Kalamazoo.

It was traveling fast in a northeasterly direction and spectators had a plain view of it.

At 10:15 a balloon, presumably the one sighted at Plainwell, was seen a short distance north of Augusta, going in the direction of Hickory Corners, Barry county. The direction of the balloon at that time was apparently northeast. Augusta is fourteen miles east of Kalamazoo.

A dispatch from South Haven, Mich., says a balloon carrying two American flags, passed there at about 9 o'clock morning. A hugh white patch was plainly seen on the side of the balloon. It was going northeast.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 22.—A balloon passed Allegan at 10 o'clock, coming in the direction of this city.

Going at Rapid Rate

Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 22.—A balloon passed over Bloomington at 3 o'clock this morning, going in a northeasterly direction. It was about 500 feet above the ground and was traveling at the rate of 25 or 30 miles and hour. The balloon carries red and green lights and was visible for about five minutes.

100,000 Persons Saw Start.

St. Louis, Oct. 22.—When the start in the balloon race was made yesterday afternoon, the Germans made for the upper coures. The French and the English aeornauts were more conservative and selected a middle depth, while the Americans raced away at an altitude which seemed to take them just clear of trees and house tops. The St. Louis, one of the largest balloons in the race, came so close to the grand stand that is was seized by soldiers and swept back to a safe starting point, whence it was sent away two minutes after the official word to go was given.

The start of the race was spectacular and was witnessed by some 100,000 persons, gathered in Forest park. In addition all St. Louis gazed skyward during the late afternoon, but a heavy pall of smoke obscured the view from any great distance.

Going 30 Miles an Hour.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 22.—The balloon passed over Stockbridge at 11:45 a. m. with an American flag flying from the basket.

Stockbridge is about 25 miles southeast of this city and 15 miles east of Leslie, where the balloon was last reported. Since it was first sighted near South Haven at 8:45 a. m. the balloon has traveled about 110 miles in an air line, making its speed about 30 miles per hour.

Prof. Cox's Summary.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—Professor Henry J. Cox, the district weather forecaster, this afternoon summarized the situation in the balloon race as follows:

"The course the balloons take depends on the elevations from the ground at which they sail. The wind is constantly shifting and as it is shifting from the southeast and south around to the southwest, west and northwest, the veering begins on the upper currents and keeps on changing until it reaches the ground. In other words, when the wind is south at the surface, it probably is west at a higher elevation.

"When the balloons left St. Louis the wind was southeast, but as they ascended they seemed to take a course due north and northeast as they came into the shifting current above.

"I think the American balloons will stick closer to the ground than the foreigners'. They did this before when they won the balloon race in France. The air curren's are stronger closer to the ground, and those who take advantage of them wil probably outstrip their rivals.

Probably the Same.

"In my opinion the balloon which was seen north of Chicago early today is the same as the one reported from near Grand Rapids. This fellow, in my opinion, will hit the west shore of Lake Huron not far from Saginaw Bay, about 2 o'clock this afternoon. He will have a good breeze there, and the further north he goes the stronger it will be. I think that this balloon will attempt to cross Lake Huron. It should not take him a very great while to cross Lake Huron, if he is not carried up into the Georgian Bay region.

"I do not credit the reports that any balloons have been seen west of St. Louis. It is difficult to understand how, with the curren s of wind existi g since the start of the race, they could have gotten into that part of the country."

POLICEMAN MURDERED.

New York, Oct. 22.—While patrolling his beat in the lower East Side early today, Eugene S. Sheehan, a policeman, was shot and instantly killed. William Morley, 24 years old, a one-armed man, was arrested charged with the crime.

CONSPIRACY CHARGED.

19 Individuals and a Company Under Indictment.

Allege an Attempt to Defraud the U. S. in Connection With Coal Land Entries.

Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 22.—Indictments were returned by the federal grand jury yesterday afternoon against the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Company, of New York, owners of the El Paso & Southwestern railway, as well as smelters in Arizona and coal lauds in New Mexico. Further indictments were returned against Charles S. Spiess, one of the company's attorneys; Prof. Douglass, formerly territorial engineer; David M. White and 16 others. The charge is conspiracy to defraud the United States, in connection with coal land entries in San Juan county, New Mexico.

GOSSIP FROM CAPITAL

Washington, Oct. 22.—And the end of the Brownsville riot is not yet. The senate committee on military affairs will hold a meeting before congress convenes and Senator Foraker expects to develop some new and sensational testimony.

While he has been engaged in a campaign in Ohio to save his seat in the senate, the senior senator from Ohio has been giving considerable attention to the Brownsville affair. He has a number of new witnesses which he expects will give the investigation an entirely new turn. With his new witnesses, Senator Foraker expects to prove that Brownsville was not shot up by the colored soldiers, but by a mob of Brownsville toughs. This same mob, it is alleged, after the incident occurred, took steps to prevent anyone from testifying against it and in favor of the colored soldiers. An effort will be made by the senator's new witnesses, which were secured by representatives of the Constitutional League, to prove that the town of Brownsville is under a reign of terror of an organized gang.

From the statements that are made by the witnesses of the Constitutional League, it appears that not only the officers that investiagted the affair, but the President and Secretary Taft, have been deceived by the organized gang which, it is claimed, really shot up the town.

In the meantime the officers of the war department have not been idle. As was indicated by General Crozier's annual report made public a few days ago, the war department has also secured new evidence. The officers who have had charge of the investigation are now confident that they can produce positive proof that the bullet holes in the buildings of Brownsville could not have been made from any other rifles than those that were in possession of the colored soldiers.

The impression prevails that the committee's report to the senate will sustain the President and the war department in discharging the soldiers without honor. But this will not prevent Senator Foraker from making a fight upon the floor of the senate. He will make a minority report which will be signed by some of the other members of the committee. The fight will be on the floor of the senate as to which report will be adopted.

Despite his repeated declarations that he will not continue at the head of the committee on rivers and harbors, there will be very little contest for this important chairmanship until it is announced that Representative Burton is elected mayor of Cleveland. The impression prevails here among members of congress that if Mr. Burton does not win in his fight with Tom Johnson, he will consent to remain in his old place as chairman of the rivers and harbors committee.

If Mr. Burton stays in congress, great pressure will be brought to bear upon him not only in Cleveland, but among his colleagues, to induce him to reconsider his determination to give up the chairmanship of this important committee. It will not be surprising if, when Mr. Burton comes to Washington, he will be met with a petition signed by members on both sides of the house asking him to retain his chairmanship. This petition is apt to be headed by Speaker Cannon and signed by all of the leaders of the house. Representative Burton has frequently opposed the Republican leaders in the house, but most of them recognize his fitness for the place and are anxious to have him remain in charge of this legislation.

General Isaac R. Sherwood, of the Toledo district, will be one of the most interesting figures in Washington this year, as he drives down Pennsylvania avenue behind his speedy bay trotters. Almerion, one of the general's horses, has a trial record of 2:10 and an official record of 2:17¼. Alderbaron, the other, is a green horse with only a matinee record, but the general says it is fast enough for all road purposes. With the reins in the hands of the general, who is recognized as one of the foremost horsemen of the country, it is not thought that this team will be passed by any of the fast drivers at the national capital.

While the general has been in Washington for several days looking for a home, he has spent more time in searching for suitable quarters for his team of flyers than at the hotels. It is said that if the general was forced to leave his team at home he would probably resign his seat in congress.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Oct. 22.—Infirm cables and a weaker situation in the northwest brought on a general liquidation that dragged wheat down this morning. After supporting the market for months, the Bartlett clique has started to unload. There was no real good buying at Chicago during the morning. Liverpool opened 1d lower and at 1:30 p. m. was quoted 1⅝d off. The seaboard reported about a half million bushels for export yesterday. Toledo cash wheat opened 1⅜c lower at $1.02½ and at noon sank to $1.01⅜. Off 1⅝c. December went down from $1.01⅜ to $1.02⅜ during the initial hour. May opened 1½c lower at $1.08 and at noon was quoted at $1.07⅜. July was down 1c at $1.02. Later in the morning, the option went ⅜c lower.

After wheat dipped to the minimum, an oversold condition and reports of export sale brought prices up slightly. Finley Barrel was a good buyer in the morning. Commission houses bought on resting orders. Liverpool closed 1⅜d to 2d lower. The financial troubles in New York were bearish. Cash closed at 100¾c, December at 101¼c, May at 106¾c, and July at 101¼c.

Liverpool corn opened ½d lower, and at the noon hour was 1½d down. Local corn prices sagged in sympathy with wheat. December was 1¾c lower at 58⅝c at the opening and ¾c down from this figure later in the forenoon. May lost ⅝c in opening at 61c, later dropping to 60½c. July opened 1½c lower at 60½c but gained ¼c during the early hours.

Liverpool corn closed 1⅜d off. The local finals were: Cash 63½c, December 58¼c, May 60c, July 60¼c.

Oats showed losses at the opening and during the early hours. December at 55½c, was ¼c lower. The noon price was ½c lower than the opening. May was but ⅛c at 55½c. At noon a similar loss was registered against this option. July opened unchanged at 50c, later dropping to 49½c.

Primary receipts of oats exceeded the shipments. The closes: Cash, 52¾c, December, 52⅝c, May 54¼c, July 49¼c.

Clover seed remained stationary at the opening and during the early trading hours. Cash and October were quoted at $10.45 and December and March at $10.10.

Light demand and selling by scattered longs weakened clover seed later in the day. Cash and October closed 15c off at $10.30, and December and March 25c down at $9.75.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Oct. 22.	Close Oct. 21
Wheat—					
Cash	1.02½	....	....	1.00⅜	1.03⅜
Dec.	1.03¼	1.03⅝	1.01⅜	1.01⅝	1.04⅜
May	1.08	....	1.06¼	1.06⅜	1.09½
July	1.02	....	1.00⅝	1.01¼	1.03
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	63½	64
Dec.	58¾	59	....	58¼	60¼
May	61	....	59¾	60	61¾
July	60½	61	....	60¼	61¾
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	52¾	55
Dec	53½	53⅝	....	52⅜	53⅝
May	55½	....	53¾	54¼	55⅝
July	50	....	....	49¼	50
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.40	....	....	10.30	10.45
Oct	10.40	....	....	10.30	10.45
Dec.	10.10	....	....	9.85	10.10
March	10.10	....	....	9.85	10.10
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	89	90
No. 2	....	....	....	87	89
No. 3	....	....	....	83½	85
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.20	2.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.70	9.70
Dec.	....	....	....	9.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.01⅜	....	99½	99⅜	1.02⅝
May	1.07¼	1.07½	1.05½	1.05⅝	1.08⅜
July	1.00½	1.01⅛	99½	1.00	1.02⅜
Sept.	....	99	....	98	....
Corn—					
Dec.	....	59	....	57⅜	59⅜
May	60¼	....	59½	59¼	60⅜
July	60	....	58⅞	59	60½
Oct.	....	....	....	60¼	....
Oats—					
Dec.	52½	....	51½	51⅜	53⅛
May	55¼	....	53⅜	53⅞	55½
July	48⅝	48⅜	48⅛	48⅜	49

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.12⅛	1.12¼	1.10⅜	1.11⅛	1.13⅞
May	....	....	....	....	1.15¼
Corn—					
Dec.	73	....	....	71	73
May	69½	....	....	68¼	69¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	99⅝	....	....	98¼	1.01¼
May	1.06	1.06¼	....	1.05¼	1.07⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	15.20	....	....	14.80	15.42
Dec.	15.90	....	....	15.20	15.80
Lard—					
Nov	9.00	....	....	8.90	9.02
Jan	8.80	8.85	....	8.70	8.87
May	8.92	....	....	8.89	9.00
Ribs—					
Jan	7.87	....	....	7.70	7.92
May	8.10	....	....	7.95	8.17

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 22.—Hogs averaged lower. The general market had a good supply, which, following the heavy receipts Monday, proved too much for the market. The local supply was light and trade averaged quiet.

Cattle receipts were light and the market generally lower. Sheep and lambs were steady and calves strong.

Western hog receipts: Chicago, 16,000; market 10c lower; Omaha, 5,500; Kansas City, 13,000.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.60@6.65; mediums, $6.60@6.65; yorkers, $6.40@6.60; pigs, $6.00@6.15; stags and roughs, $3.50@6.00; good mixed, $6.60@6.65; bulk of sales, $6.60@6.65.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,400 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.50@5.85; good fats, 1,050 to 1,250 lbs., $5.25@5.50; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $4.75@5.25; common to light steers, $3.75@4.50; choice fat cows, $3.35@4.00; fair to good cows, $3.00@3.25; common cows, $1.50@2.75; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.25; prime export bulls, $3.50@4.00; good butcher bulls, $4.00@4.50; fair to good bolognas, $2.50@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fat heifers, $2.85@4.50; good to choice feeders, $4.75@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.25@3.85; milkers and springers, by head, $25@50.

Calves—Choice to extra, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.00; common to light, $5.00@6.00; heavy and fed, $3.50@5.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $5.00@5.25; good to choice mixed sheep, $4.50@5.00; fair to good ewes, $4.50@5.25; culls and common, $2.25@3.50; yearlings, $5.50; spring lambs, $4.50@7.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 22.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)—Ten loads hogs; heavies and mediums, heavy yorkers, $6.90; light yorkers, $6.60@6.70; pigs, $6.25@6.35; sheep, $4.25@5.75; lambs, $5.00@7.25; calves, $5.00@8.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, East Buffalo, Oct. 22.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 30 cars, slow. Hogs, 15 cars, strong; medium and heavy, $6.90@7.00; yorkers, $6.80@6.90